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POEMS

ON

Several Occasions,

BY

MATTHEW PRIOR *Esq*; *&c.*

VOLUME III.

THE SECOND EDITION.

Adorned with Cuts.

LONDON:
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TO

Sir HENRY HUSSEY, *Bart.*

IT will certainly be allowed, SIR, by all who have the Happineſs of your Acquaintance, that I do as much Juſtice to the Memory of Mr. PRIOR, by inſcribing his REMAINS to You, as I ſhould have done Injury to the Public by concealing them.

THE Tender I hereby make, will, I hope, be the more acceptable, as you ſometimes divert a Solitary Hour in the ſame agreeable Amuſement; and I likewiſe hope, that your own Productions will one Day convince

convince both the empty *Fop*, and the cavilling *Critic*, that the *Gentleman* and the *Poet* are inſeparable Companions.

MAY every *Idea* you form be pleaſing, and may every *Action* of your Life meet the juſt reward of true Honour, Generoſity, and Friendſhip, (Virtues which, tho' ſeldom found, are fully poſſeſſed by You,) is the Sincere Wiſh of, Honoured SIR,

Your moſt obliged,

humble Servant,

On the Publication of two Poſthumous PIECES of Mr. PRIOR.

LET Tears no more lament the Dead in vain,
For ſee! Our eaſy PRIOR lives again.
Theſe genuine Lines the gentle Bard reveal,
And paint that *Nature* he alone cou'd feel,
With tender accents touch the ſoft'ning Soul,
Or gaily Mock the *Philoſophic-Fool.*

When TURTURELLA tells her piteous moan,
Who does not make the Mourner's grief his own?
How raviſhingly ſweet the Numbers move,
And breathe the dying Agonies of Love!
Such ſympathizing Tenderneſs impart
They melt the Reader's to a Lover's Heart.

But while th' inimitable Bard diſplays,
The wanton SPARROW in gallanter Lays;
The Marriage-State is Imag'd to the Life,
The Careleſs Husband and the Peeviſh Wife;
The Troubles of the Fetlock'd-Couple ſhew,
And either Sex is open'd to the View.

Next

To the *Editor.*

Next, in *Down-Hall* we find his Hum'rous Ve
(Tho' *Eſſex* marſhy Hundreds are the Scene)
A Place unheard of, till by PRIOR nam'd,
Now MORLEY and *Down-hall* alike are fam'd.

Thus Sung delightful MATT—but Sings no mo
Long Since lamented on the loneſom Shore;
Penſive for Him in vain my Voice Eſſays,
To court THALIA to her *Poet*'s praiſe:
Like TURTURELLA ſhe neglects her Charms,
Deſpairing of another PRIOR's Arms:
Alike their Tenderneſs, alike their Woe,
For what COLUMBO was, is PRIOR now:
Time's Period paſt— He ſhall for Ever live,
And like theſe Labours by his Death revive.

W. PATTISON

LONDON,
July 14, 1725.

SOME

MEMOIRS

OF THE

AUTHOR'S LIFE.

MATTHEW PRIOR, Son of Mr. *George Prior* Citizen of *London*; was born in the Year 1664. His Father dying while he was very young, left him to the Care of an Uncle, which proved paternal, as Mr. PRIOR through the whole Courſe of his Life always acknowledged with the greateſt Gratitude.

HE was bred at *Weſtminſter-School*, where, as Biſhop *Sprat* ſays of Mr. *Cowley*, "he early "obtained and increaſed the noble Genius "peculiar to that Place." He was thence removed to St. *John's-College*, in *Cambridge*; of which Society, ſoon after he had taken the

Degree of *Batchelor* of *Arts*, he was made *Fellow*; and retained the ſame Honour to the Day of his Death. In the Reign of King *James* the Second, jointly with *Charles Montague*, Eſq; (late Earl of *Halifax*) he wrote Remarks upon Mr. *Dryden*'s HIND and PANTHER, 1687.

HE compoſed ſeveral Copies of Verſes, when very young, as appears by (his ODE on *Exodus* iii. 14. Performed as an Exerciſe in 1688.) the firſt of his printed Poems.

UPON the *Revolution*, he was brought to Court by the late Earl of *Dorſet*, that great Patron of all polite Learning, by whom from his Infancy he was beloved and encouraged; and as he grew up to Manhood, had a great ſhare in his Intimacy and Friendſhip. Under this Noble Lord's Patronage he entered into publick Buſineſs, and was firſt made Secretary to their Majeſties King WILLIAM and Queen MARY, at the Congreſs at the *Hague*, in 1690, the late Earl of *Berkeley* being their Majeſties Plenipotentiary there. He was thence appointed Secretary of the Embaſſy to the preſent Earl of *Pembroke*, the late Earl of *Jerſey*, and Sir *Joſeph Williamſon*, Ambaſſadors at the Peace of *Reſwick*, 1697. where many MEMORIALS relating to that *Treaty* were drawn up by him: He was likewiſe Secretary to the two ſuc-

ſucceeding Embaſſies in *France*; thoſe, of the late Earls of *Portland* and *Jerſey*. He was alſo Secretary of State in the Kingdom of *Ireland*; then one of the *Lords Commiſſioners* of *Trade* and *Plantations*, 1700; and by her Majeſty made one of the *Commiſſioners* of the *Cuſtoms*, 1711, and her Majeſty's Plenipotentiary-Miniſter in *France* the ſame Year. So that going into *publick Buſineſs* very young, and having continued therein for Seven and Twenty Years, his *Poetry* (to uſe his own Words in his Preface to his Poems) *was only the Product of his leiſure Hours, who had commonly Buſineſs enough upon his Hands, and was only a Poet by Accident.*

DURING the Time of Mr. *Prior*'s Reſidence at *Paris*, he received a very remarkable and long Letter, from the late Lord *Bolingbroke*, dated *Sept.* 10. 1712. *O. S.* * wherein he makes him this Compliment: ——*For God's Sake, dear* Matt. *hide the Nakedneſs of thy Country, and give the beſt turn thy fertile Brain will furniſh thee with to the Blunders of thy Countrymen, who are not much better* Politicians *than the* French *are* Poets. And thus the Peer concludes his Epiſtle:—— *It is now three a Clock in the Morning, I have been hard*

* *Vid.* The *Report* from the *Committee* of *Secrecy*. 1715. Fol. *Appendix*, pag. 47.

at Work all Day, and am not yet enough recovered to bear much Fatigue; excuſe therefore the confuſedneſs of this Scroll, which is only from Harry *to* Matt. *and not from the* Secretary *to the* Miniſter.——*Adieu, my Pen is ready to drop out of my Hand, believe that no Man loves you better, or is more faithfully yours, &c.*

BOLINGBROKE.

AND by the Extract of another Letter from Lord *Bolingbroke*, theſe Advices were conveyed to Mr. *Prior*, *Sept.* 25. 1713. * *O. S.* ——*There is a Perſon here, of whom we have never taken the leaſt Notice, as a publick Man, but who however is an Agent from the* CATALANS. *By what we obſerve in him it is pretty plain, that a reaſonable Accommodation might be made with that turbulent People. What is the Senſe of the* French *Court on this Matter? How far will they concur with the Queen in adviſing* Philip *to make an End of that War?*

UPON Mr. *Prior*'s repreſentation of this Affair to the Court of *France*, he received the following Letter from *Monſieur de Torcy*, † dated *Nov.* 13. 1713. *N. S.* "You received, "*Sir*, ſometime ſince, orders from the Queen "of *Great Britain* to uſe her good Offices "with

* Ibid. pag. 86. † Ibid. pag. 87.

" with the King in Favour of the *Catalans*,
" who have rebelled against the King of
" *Spain*, and of the Inhabitants of *Barcelona*.
" You acquainted me, that her *Britannick*
" Majesty was sure they would submit to the
" King their Master, if that Prince would
" grant them a general Amnesty, the Resti-
" tution and Enjoyment of all their Estates,
" and in short the same Conditions which he
" had caused to be offered them, and which
" they did not accept, without mentioning
" their ancient Privileges any more.

" THE *Answer* which the King just now
" receives from the Catholick King upon
" this Article, *is*, That he is still willing to
" grant the same Conditions to the rebellious
" *Catalans*, notwithstanding they rendered
" themselves unworthy of his Favours, by
" slighting them, and altho' he is now in a
" Condition to reduce them by Force: He
" desires the King to impart his *Answer* to
" the Queen of *Great Britain*, my Lord *Lex-*
" *ington* having had no Orders to speak a-
" bout this Affair.

TORCY.

THE Death of her *Britannick* Majesty happening the next Year, *Aug.* 1. 1714. put an End to Mr. *Prior*'s publick Negotiations; and, upon his Return to *England*, he spent

the Remainder of his Life chiefly in a Rural Retirement, till its Period was fixed at *Wimple*, in *Cambridgeſhire*, the Seat of the Right Honourable the preſent Earl of *Oxford*, on the 18th Day of *Sept.* 1721.

ABOUT five Weeks before his Deceaſe, he executed his laſt Will and Teſtament, which he drew up himſelf, in Manner and Form following, *viz.*

"IT has* pleaſed ALMIGHTY GOD, "for ſome Years paſt, to bleſs me, his "moſt unworthy Creature, with a greater "Share of Health than I could have expected "from the Tenderneſs of my native Conſti-"tution, or the Fatigues and Troubles of "Life, which I have undergone; for this, "and all other his Mercies, Hallowed be his "Name, for ever and ever. Let Men and "Angels repeat the Sound, Hallowed be his "Name! Now before Sickneſs of Body, or "Infirmity of Age prevent, or diminiſh the "Force of my Underſtanding, or Memory, "I make, and declare this my laſt *Will* and "*Teſtament.*

"I *MATTHEW PRIOR*, of the "Pariſh of St. MARGARET, *Weſtminſter*, "thanking

* *E Regiſtro Curiæ Prerogativæ Cantuar' Extract.*

" thanking the Right Honourable the LORD
" HARLEY for his eminent and continual
" Friendſhip to me, and truſting that he will
" have the ſame Concern for my Memory
" after Death, as he had for my Honour whilſt
" Alive, and that he will take the ſame Care
" of my ſurviving Friends hereafter men-
" tioned in this my *Will*, as he did of my
" own proper intereſt; and having for ma-
" ny Years experienced the Faith, Honeſty,
" and Ability of Mr. *Adrian Drift*, my Se-
" cretary whilſt I was in *Publick Employments*,
" and my Friend and Companion in Private
" Life; I intreat the ſaid Lord *Harley*, and
" ordain the ſaid *Adrian Drift* to be the
" Executors of this my *Will*. And thus I
" give and bequeath unto EDWARD Lord
" HARLEY, and *Adrian Drift*, all my Goods,
" and Chattels, Plate, Jewels, Medals, and
" Debts, and all other my Perſonal Eſtate
" whatſoever; to them, I ſay, their Heirs,
" Executors and Aſſigns, in truſt only, and
" for the Uſes hereafter ſpecified, and the Be-
" nefit of the Perſons hereafter mentioned.

" IT is my *Will*, that I be Buried pri-
" vately in *Weſtminſter-Abbey*, and that after
" my Debts and Funeral Charges are paid,
" a Monument be erected to my Memory,
" whereon may be expreſſed the *Publick Em-*
" *ployments* I have bore; the INSCRIPTION

" I

" I desire may be made by Dr. *Robert Freind*,
" and the Busto expressed in Marble by *Cori-*
" *veaux*, placed on the Monument: For this
" last piece of *human Vanity*, I *Will*, that the
" Sum of Five Hundred Pounds be set aside.

" To the *College* of St. *JOHN* the *Evan-*
" *gelist* in *Cambridge*, I leave such and so many
" of my Books, as shall be judged to amount
" unto the Value of Two Hundred Pounds:
" These Books, with my own POEMS in the
" greatest Paper, to be kept in the Library,
" together with the Books which I have al-
" ready given. I likewise leave my own Pic-
" ture, painted by *Le Belle*, and that of my
" Friend and Patron *Edward* Earl of *Jersey*,
" by *Rigault*.

" I leave to my Lord HARLEY, the Busto
" of FLORA, made by *Girardon*, and six Pic-
" tures out of my Collection, such as he shall
" chuse: The rest of my *Pictures*, *Medals*,
" *Drawings*, *Stamps*, and *Maps*, to be Apprai-
" sed by two Persons who may be thought to
" understand their Value, and my Lord HAR-
" LEY to have the Preference in Case he
" pleases to purchase any Part, or Parcel
" thereof; and after his Pleasure therein spe-
" cified, I *Will*, that the Residue be sold.
" The *Picture* of Queen *Elizabeth* by *Portus*,
" I leave to the Honourable and Excellent
" Lady *Harriette Harley*, and my own *Picture*,

" in

" in Enamail to her dear Daughter *Mar-*
" *garette.*

" ALL my *Manuscripts*, *Negotiations*, *Com-*
" *missions*, and all *Papers* whatsoever, whether
" of my *Publick Employments*, or *Private Stu-*
" *dies*, I leave to my Lord HARLEY, and
" Mr. *Adrian Drift*, my Executors, or either
" of them, having first burned such as may
" not be proper for any future Inspection.

" WHEREAS, the Estate of *Down-Hall*,
" in *Essex*, of which I am, and stand at present
" Possessed, is at my Death to revert to my
" Lord HARLEY, and to his Heirs, accor-
" ding to the Purport and Intent of certain
" Writings, drawn up by Mr. *Oliver Merton*,
" of the *Middle-Temple*, I Declare, that the
" said Estate does, and ought accordingly to
" revert to my Lord HARLEY, and his Heirs,
" lest from any want of Words in those
" Writings, or from any Failure, or Expres-
" sion omitted, in the Form of the Writings,
" the least Doubt, or Inquietude may arise
" to my Lord HARLEY. I mention this,
" though at the same time I believe it to
" be superfluous.

" I *Will*, and *Desire*, that the Sum of One
" Thousand Pounds be set apart in Favour,
" and to the Use of Mrs. *Elizabeth Cox*, and
" that an Annuity, or Rent-Charge be pur-
" chased with the said Sum, to be paid by

" half-

" half-Yearly Payments to the ſaid *Elizabeth*
" *Cox*, during her natural Life; but I would
" have the ſaid Thouſand Pounds, *i. e.* the
" Annuity to be purchaſed with that Sum, to
" be paid ſolely to her Order, in half-Yearly
" Payments as aforeſaid, and not to be in the
" Diſpoſal, or at the Power of any Husband
" which ſhe may Marry: And as my Lord
" HARLEY will be juſter towards all with
" whom he deals, and kinder to my Friends,
" than any Man whom I leave behind me in
" the World, I beg that he will be pleaſed to
" grant to the ſaid *Elizabeth Cox* ſuch An-
" nuity, leaving the Sum to be determined
" by his Appointment, and Pleaſure.

" I leave to Mr. *Adrian Drift* the Sum of
" One Thouſand Pounds, to be employed
" and diſpoſed of, at his Diſcretion, hoping
" that his Induſtry and Management will be
" ſuch, that he will not embezzle or decreaſe
" the ſame.

" I leave to Mrs. *Anne Durham* the Sum
" of Three Hundred Pounds, to be paid
" within one Year of my Deceaſe, and by
" her to be employed for the enlargement
" of her Stock, and the Support of that Trade,
" and Calling, wherein I have already placed
" her, and in which I wiſh her Proſperity.

" I remit to my dear Friend, and old
" Companion, *Richard Shelton*, Eſq; all Bonds,

" Notes,

" Notes, or Obligations, by which he ſtands
" any way indebted to me: And I leave to
" his Son *George Shelton*, the Sum of Three
" Hundred Pounds in ſuch Manner, as that
" he may receive Fifty Pounds *per Annum*,
" for Six Years, in order to maintain him
" during that Time, at the Univerſity; or
" to help him in any Trade, or Employment,
" as his Father may judge proper.

" I leave to my well-beloved, and dear
" Couſin, *Katherine Harriſon*, the Sum of One
" Hundred Pounds, with which ſhe will
" pleaſe to buy Mourning.

" I leave to my Servants, each, one Year's
" Wages, and Mourning, and to *John Oeman*,
" or *Newman*, the Sum of Fifty Pounds, over
" and above ſuch Wages.

" I likewiſe leave the Sum of Fifty Pounds,
" over and above ſuch Wages, to *Jane Anſley*.

" And in Caſe this ſhall (as I reckon it
" will) amount to more than will pay and
" ſatisfy my Debts, and Legacies already gi-
" ven, I leave the reſt and reſidue to Mr.
" *Adrian Drift*, and Mrs. *Elizabeth Cox*,
" above-mentioned, to be equally divided
" between them.

" THUS, wiſhing Health, Honour, and
" Happineſs to dear Lord HARLEY, and his
" Family; and to all my Friends in general,
" *Peace on Earth, and Good-Will towards Men*;

" I

" I recommend my Soul and Body to the " Eternal and Ever-bleſſed God, who gave me " my Being:

Deus es, inſtaura Plaſma Tuum, *

" THIS *Will*, written with my own " Hand, I Sign and Seal the Ninth of *Auguſt*, " *Anno Dom.* 1721. *M. PRIOR.*

Signed, Sealed, and declared to be the laſt *Will* and *Teſtament* of MATTHEW PRIOR, in the Preſence of Us, who ſaw him Seal, and Subſcribe the ſame, Witneſs,

James Gibbs, William Thomas, J. Worlock.

PRobatum Londini, *Coram venerabili viro* Berney Branthwayte, *Legum Doctore & Surrogato, Decimo Nono die Menſis* Septembris, *Anno Dom.* 1721. *Juramento* Adriani Drift, *Unius Execut' in dicto Teſtamento nominat': Cui Commiſſa fuit Adminiſtratio omnium & Singulorum Bonorum Jur' & Creditor' dicti def'ti de bene & fideli' Adminiſtrando eadem ad Sancta Dei Evangelia Jurat': Reſervata potent, Similem* Commen. *faciendi Honor.* Edwardo *Domino* Harley, *alteri Executorum, & cum venerit eandem petitur.*

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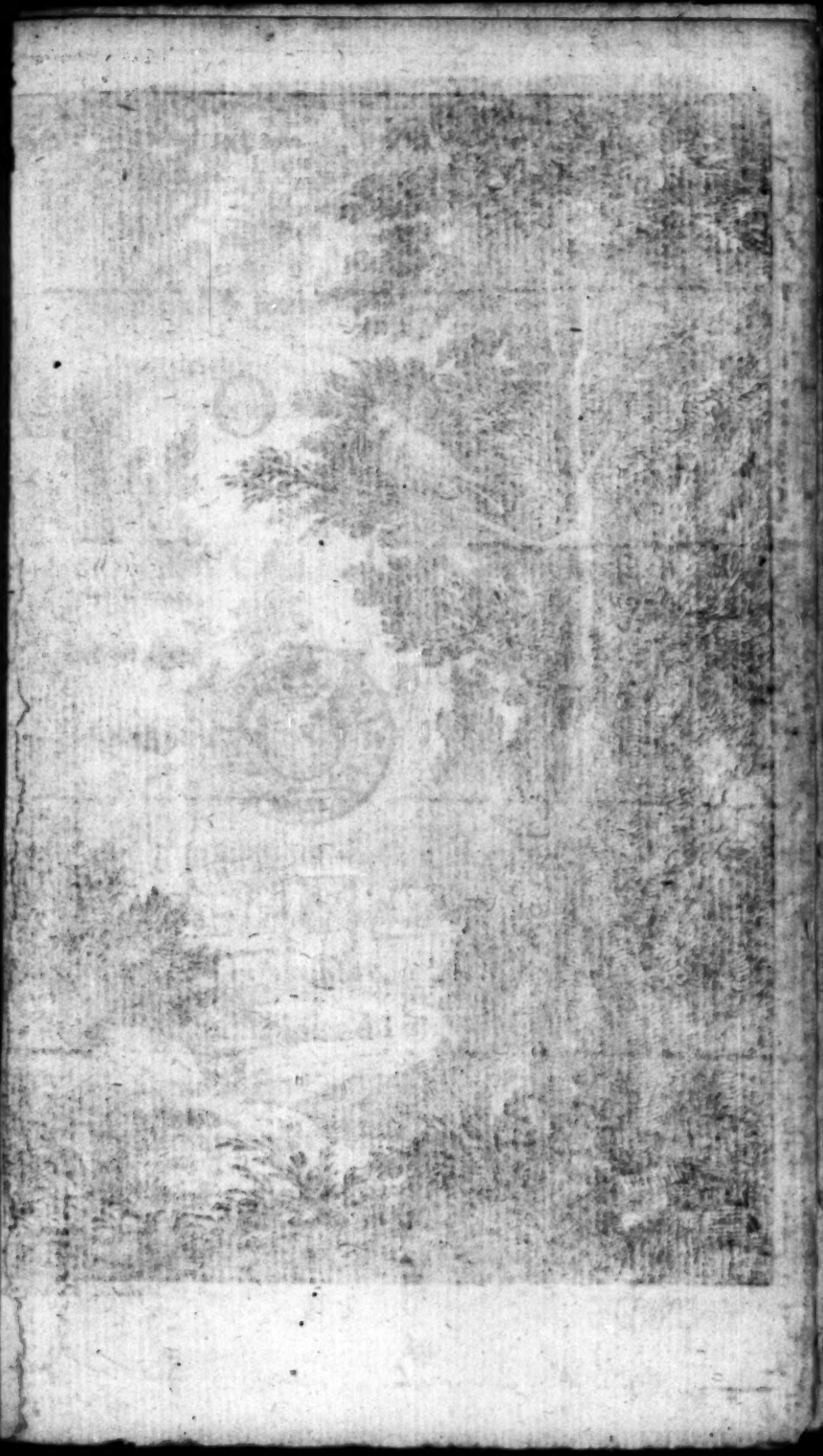
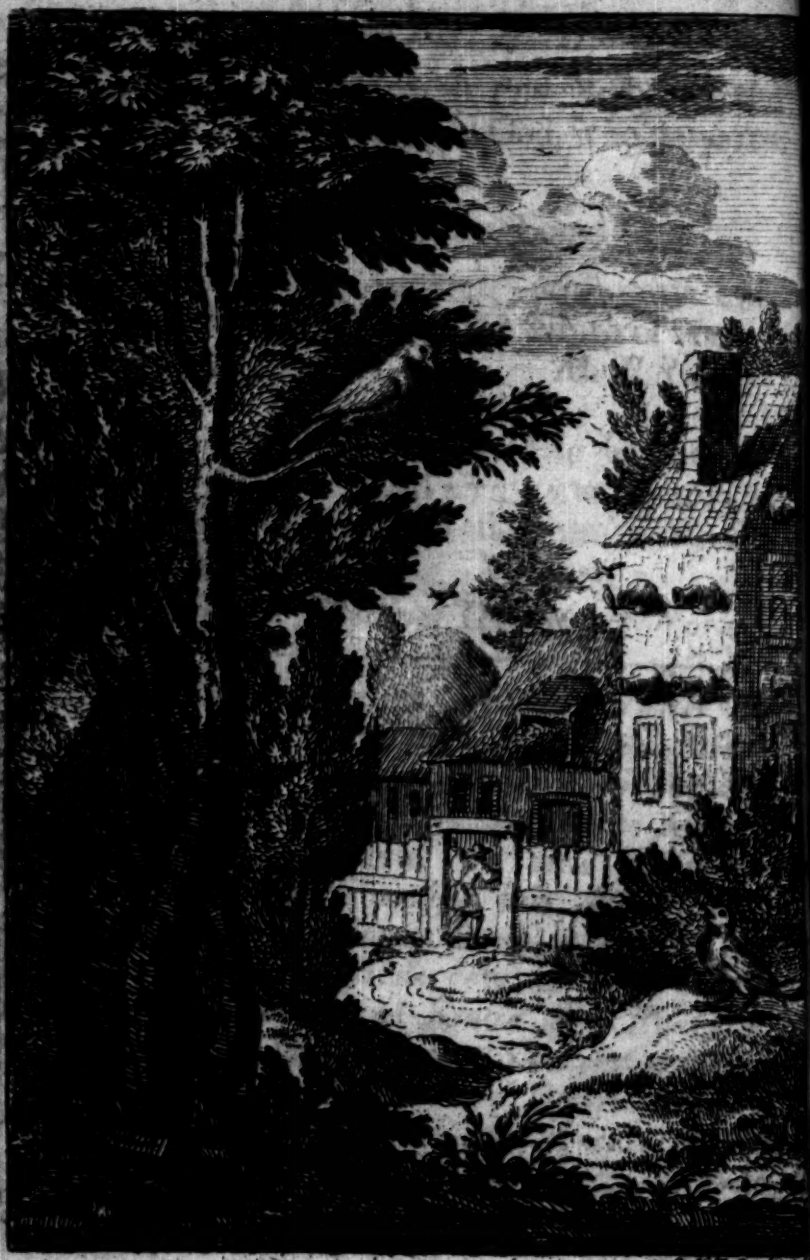
* *i.e.* Thou art God, reſtore thy own Creature.

POEMS





POEMS
ON
Several Occaſions.

The TURTLE and SPARROW.
A
TALE.

BEHIND an unfrequented Glade,
Where *Eugh* and *Myrtle* mix their Shade,
A Widow *Turtle* penſive ſat,
And wept her murder'd Lover's Fate.
The *Sparrow* chanc'd that Way to walk,
(A Bird that loves to chirp and talk)
Beſure he did the *Turtle* greet,
She anſwer'd him as ſhe thought meet.

Sparrows and *Turtles* by the bye,
Can Think, as well as *You* or *I*:
But how they did their Thoughts expreſs,
The Margin ſhows by *T*, and *S*.

T. My Hopes are loſt, my Joys are fled,
Alas! I weep *Columbo* dead:
Come, all ye winged Lovers, come,
Drop *Pinks* and *Daiſies* on his Tomb:
Sing, *Phil mel*, his Fun'ral Verſe,
Ye pious *Redbreaſts*, deck his Herſe:
Fair *Swans* extend your Dying Throats,
Columbo's Death requires your Notes:
For Him, my Friend, for Him I moan,
My dear Columbo, *dead and gone.*

Stretch'd on the Bier *Columbo* lies,
Pale are his Cheeks, and clos'd his Eyes;
Thoſe Cheeks, where Beauty ſmiling lay;
Thoſe Eyes, where Love was us'd to play:
Ah cruel Fate, alas! how ſoon
That Beauty and thoſe Joys are flown!

Columbo

Columbo is no more, ye Floods,
Bear the ſad Sound to diſtant Woods;
The Sound let Echo's Voice reſtore,
And ſay, *Columbo* is no more.
Ye Floods, ye Woods, ye Echoes, moan
My dear Columbo, *dead and gone.*

The *Dryads* all forſook the Wood,
And mournful *Naiads* round me ſtood,
The tripping *Fawns* and *Fairies* came,
All conſcious of our mutual Flame,
To ſigh for him, with me to moan,
My dear Columbo, *dead and gone.*

VENUS diſdain'd not to appear
To lend my Grief a Friendly Ear;
But what avails her Kindneſs now?
She ne'er ſhall hear my *Second Vow:*
The *Loves* that round their Mother flew,
Did in her Face her Sorrows view.
Their drooping Wings they penſive hung,
Their Arrows broke, their Bows unſtrung;

They heard attentive what I ſaid,
And wept with me, *Columbo* dead:
For Him I ſigh, for Him I moan,
My dear Columbo, *dead and gone.*

'Tis Ours to Weep, great VENUS ſaid,
'Tis *JOVE*'s alone to be Obey'd:
Nor Birds, nor Goddeſſes can move
The juſt Beheſts of Fatal *JOVE*;
I ſaw thy Mate with ſad Regret,
And curs'd the *Fowler*'s cruel Net:
Ah, dear *Columbo*, how he fell,
Whom *Turturella* lov'd ſo well!
I ſaw him bleeding on the Ground,
The Sight tore up my ancient Wound;
And whilſt you wept, alas, I cry'd,
COLUMBO and ADONIS Dy'd.

Weep, all ye Streams, ye Mountains, groan;
I mourn Columbo, *dead and gone;*
Still let my tender Grief complain,
Nor Day, nor Night that Grief reſtrain,

I ſaid,

I ſaid, and VENUS ſtill reply'd,
COLUMBO and ADONIS Dy'd.

S. Poor *Turturella*, hard thy Caſe,
And juſt thy Tears, alas, alas!

T. And haſt thou lov'd, and canſt thou hear
With piteous Heart a Lover's Care?
Come then, with Me thy Sorrows join,
And eaſe My Woes by telling Thine:
For Thou, poor Bird, perhaps may'ſt moan
Some Paſſerella *dead and gone.*

S. Dame *Turtle*, this runs ſoft in Rhime,
But neither ſuits the Place nor Time;
The *Fowler*'s Hand, whoſe cruel Care
For dear *Columbo* ſet the Snare,
The Snare again for Thee may ſet;
Two Birds may periſh in One Net.
Thou ſhou'd'ſt avoid this cruel Field,
And Sorrow ſhou'd to Prudence yield.
Tis ſad to Die. *T.* It may be ſo;
'Tis ſadder yet, to Live in Woe.

S. When Widows uſe their canting Strain,
They ſeem reſolv'd to wed again.

T. When Wid'wers wou'd this Truth diſprove,
They never taſted real Love.

S. Love is ſoft Joy and gentle Strife,
His Efforts all depend on Life:
When he has thrown Two Golden Darts,
And ſtruck the Lovers mutual Hearts;
Of his black Shafts let Death ſend One,
Alas! the pleaſing Game is done,
Ill is the poor Survivor ſped,
A Corps feels mighty cold in Bed.
VENUS ſaid right, nor Tears can move,
Nor Plaints revoke the Will of *JOVE*.
All muſt obey the gen'ral Doom,
Down from ALCIDES to *Tom Thumb*.
Grim PLUTO will not be withſtood
By Force or Craft. *Tall Robinhood*,
As well as *Little John*, is dead.
(You ſee how deeply I am read)

With

With *Fate*'s lean *Tipſtaff* none can dodge,
He'll find you out wheree'er you lodge.
AJAX to ſhun his gen'ral Pow'r,
In vain abſconded in a *Flow'r*.
An idle Scene TYTHONUS acted,
When to a *Graſshopper* contracted:
Death ſtruck them in thoſe Shapes again,
As once he did when they were Men.

For Reptiles periſh, Plants decay,
Fleſh is but Graſs, Graſs turns to Hay,
And Hay to Dung, and Dung to Clay.

Thus Heads extreamly nice diſcover,
That Folks may Die, ſome Ten times over;
But oft by too refin'd a touch,
To prove Things plain, they prove too much.
Whate'er PYTHAGORAS may ſay,
(For each, you know, will have his Way)
With great Submiſſion I pronounce,
That People Die no more than Once.

But Once is ſure, and Death is Common
To *Bird* and *Man*, including *Woman*.
From the Spread-*Eagle* to the *Wren*,
Alas! no Mortal Fowl knows when;
All that wear Feathers firſt or laſt,
Muſt one Day perch on CHARON's Maſt;
Muſt lye beneath the *Cypreſs* Shade,
Where STRADA's *Nightingale* was laid.
Thoſe Fowl who ſeem Alive to ſit,
Aſſembled by *Dan* CHAUCER's Wit,
In Proſe have ſlept Three Hundred Years,
Exempt from worldly Hopes and Fears,
And, laid in State upon their Herſe,
Are truly but embalm'd in Verſe.
As ſure as LESBIA's *Sparrow* I,
Thou, ſure as PRIOR's *Dove*, muſt Die:
And ne'er again from *Lethe*'s Streams
Return to *Adda*, or to *Thames*.

T. I therefore weep *Columbo* dead,
My Hopes bereav'd, my Pleaſures fled;

I there-

I therefore muſt for ever moan
My dear Columbo *dead and gone.*
S. Columbo never ſees your Tears,
Your Cries *Columbo* never hears;
A Wall of *Braſs*, and one of *Lead*,
Divide the Living from the Dead.
Repell'd by this, the gather'd Rain
Of Tears beats back to Earth again,
In t'other the Collected Sound
Of Groans, when once receiv'd, is drown'd.
'Tis therefore vain one Hour to grieve
What time it-ſelf can ne'er retrieve.
By Nature ſoft, I know, a *Dove*
Can never live without her *Love*;
Then quit this Flame, and light another;
Dame, I adviſe you like a Brother.
T. What, *I* to make a *ſecond Choice*?
In other Nuptials to rejoyce?
S. Why not my Bird? *T.* No *Sparrow* no,
Let me indulge my pleaſing woe;

Thus ſighing, cooing, eaſe my Pain,
But never wiſh nor love again:
Diſtreſs'd for ever let me mean
My dear Columbo, *dead and gone.*

S. Our winged Friends thro' all the Grove
Contemn thy mad Exceſs of Love:
I tell thee, Dame, the t'other Day
I met a *Parrot* and a *Jay*,
Who mock'd thee in their mimick Tone,
And wept Columbo, *dead and gone.*

T. Whate'er the *Jay* or *Parrot* ſaid,
My Hopes are loſt, my Joys are fled;
And I for ever muſt deplore
Columbo *dead and gone.*— *S. Encore!*
For Shame forſake this *BION*-ſtyle,
We'll talk an Hour, and walk a mile.
Does it with Senſe or Health agree,
To ſit thus mōpeing on a Tree?
To throw away a Widow's Life,
When you again may be a Wife.

Come

Come on, I'll tell you my Amours;
Who knows but they may infl'ence Yours;
Example draws, where *Precept* fails,
And *Sermons* are leſs read than *Tales.*

T. Sparrow, I take thee for my Friend,
As ſuch will hear thee: I deſcend;
Hop on and talk; but, honeſt Bird,
Take care that no immodeſt Word
May venture to offend my Ear.——

S. Too Saint-like *Turtle*, never fear,——
By Method Things are beſt diſcuſs'd,
Begin we then with *Wife* the *firſt*:
A handſome, ſenſeleſs, awkward Fool.
Who wou'd not Yield, and cou'd not Rule:
Her Actions did her Charms diſgrace,
And ſtill her Tongue talk'd off her Face:
Count me the Leaves on yonder Tree,
So many diff'rent Wills had ſhe,
And like the Leaves, as Chance inclin'd,
Thoſe Wills were chang'd with every Wind:

She courted the *Beau-Monde* To-night,
L' Aſſemblée, her ſupreme Delight,
The next ſhe ſat immur'd, unſeen,
And in full Health enjoy'd the Spleen.
She cenſur'd *that*, ſhe alter'd *this*,
And with great Care ſet all amiſs;
She now cou'd chide, now laugh, now cry,
Now ſing, now pout, all *God knows why*:
Short was her Reign, ſhe Cough'd and Dy'd,
Proceed we to my *Second Bride*;
Well Born ſhe was, genteely Bred,
And Buxom both at Board and Bed,
Glad to oblige, and pleas'd to pleaſe,
And, as TOM SOUTHERN wiſely ſays,
No other Fault *had ſhe in* Life,
But only *that ſhe was my* WIFE.
O *Widow-Turtle!* every She,
(So *Nature's* Pleaſure does Decree)
Appears a Goddeſs till enjoy'd,
But *Birds*, and *Men*, and *Gods* are cloy'd.

Was

Was HERCULES One Woman's *Man*?
Or JOVE for ever LEDA's *Swan*?
Ah! Madam, ceaſe to be miſtaken,
Few marry'd Fowl peck *Dunmow* Bacon.
Variety alone gives Joy,
The ſweeteſt Meats the ſooneſt cloy:
What *Sparrow*, Dame? what *Dove* alive?
Tho' VENUS ſhou'd the Char'ot drive,
But wou'd accuſe the Harneſs Weight,
If always Coupled to One Mate;
And often wiſh the Fetter broke.
'Tis Freedom but to Change the Yoke.

T. Impious, to wiſh to Wed again,
E'er Death diſſolv'd the former Chain.

S. Spare your Remark, and hear the reſt;
She brought me Sons, but JOVE be bleſt,
She Dy'd in Child-Bed on the Neſt.

Well, reſt her Bones, quoth I, ſhe's gone:
But muſt I therefore lye alone?

What

What, am I to her Mem'ry ty'd?
Muſt I not Live, becauſe ſhe Dy'd?
And thus I *Logically* ſaid,
('Tis good to have a Reas'ning Head).
Is this my WIFE? *Probatur*, not;
For Death diſſolv'd the Marriage Knot:
She was, *Concedo*, during Life;
But, is a Piece of *Clay*, a WIFE?
Again, if not a *Wife*, d'ye ſee,
Why then no Kin at all to me:
And he who gen'ral Tears can ſhed,
For Folks that happen to be Dead,
May e'en with equal Juſtice mourn,
For thoſe who never yet were Born.

T. Thoſe Points indeed you quaintly prove,
But *Logick* is no Friend to *Love*.

S. My Children then were juſt pen-feather'd:
Some little Corn for them I gather'd,
And ſent them to my Spouſe's Mother,
So left that Brood to get another.

And

And as old HARRY Whilome ſaid,
Reflecting on ANNE BOLEYN Dead,
Cocksbones, I now again do ſtand
The jolly'ſt Batchelor i' th' Land.

T. Ah me! my Joys, my Hopes are fled;
My *firſt*, my *only Love* is Dead.
With endleſs Grief let me bemoan
Columbo's Loſs. *S.* Let me go on.
As yet my Fortune was but narrow,
I woo'd my Couſin *Philly Sparrow*,
O'th' Elder Houſe of *Chirping-End*,
From whence the younger Branch deſcend;
Well ſeated in a Field of *Peaſe*
She liv'd, extreamly at her Eaſe:
But when the *Honey-Moon* was paſt,
The following Nights were ſoon o'ercaſt,
She kept her own, could plead the *Law*,
And Quarrel for a *Barley-Straw*;
Both, you may judge, became leſs kind,
As more we knew each other's Mind:

She

She ſoon grew *ſullen*, I, *hard-hearted*,
We ſcolded, hated, fought, and parted.
To *LONDON*, bleſſed Town, I went,
She Boarded at a Farm in *Kent*:
A *Magpye* from the Country fled,
And kindly told me ſhe was Dead:
I prun'd my Feathers, cock'd my Tail,
And ſet my Heart again to Sale.

My *Fourth*, a meer Coquet, or ſuch
I thought her, nor avails it much,
If true or falſe, our Troubles ſpring
More from the Fancy than the Thing.
Two ſtaring Horns, I often ſaid,
But ill become a *Sparrow*'s Head;
But then to ſet that Balance even,
Your *Cuckold Sparrow* goes to Heaven.
The Thing you fear, ſuppoſe it done,
If you enquire, you make it known.
Whilſt at the Root your Horns are ſore,
The more you ſcratch, they ake the more.

But turn the Tables and reflect,
All may not be, that you ſuſpect:
By the Mind's Eye, the Horns we mean,
Are only in Ideas ſeen,
'Tis from the inſide of the Head
Their Branches ſhoot, their Antlers ſpread;
Fruitful Suſpicions often bear them,
You feel 'em from the Time you fear 'em.
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! that Echo'd word,
Offends the Ear of Vulgar Bird;
But thoſe of finer Taſte have found
There's nothing in't beſide the ſound.
Preferment always waits on Horns,
And Houſhold Peace the Gift adorns:
This Way, or That, let Factions tend,
The Spark is ſtill the Cuckold's Friend;
This Way, or That, let Madam roam,
Well pleas'd and quiet ſhe comes home.
Now weigh the Pleaſure with the Pain,
The *plus* and *minus*, Loſs and Gain,

And what *La Fontaine* laughing ſays,
Is ſerious Truth, in ſuch a Caſe;
Who ſlights the Evil, finds it leaſt,
And who does Nothing, does the beſt.
I never ſtrove to rule the Roaſt,
She ne'er refus'd to pledge my Toaſt:
In Viſits if we chanc'd to meet,
I ſeem'd obliging, ſhe diſcreet;
We neither much careſs'd nor ſtrove,
But good Diſſembling paſs'd for Love.

T. Whate'er of Light our Eye may know,
'Tis only Light it-ſelf can ſhow:
Whate'er of Love our Heart can feel,
'Tis mutual Love alone can tell.

S. My pretty, am'rous, fooliſh Bird,
A Moment's Patience; in one Word,
The Three kind Siſters broke the Chain,
She Dy'd, I mourn'd, and woo'd again.

T. Let me with juſter Grief deplore
My dear *Columbo*, now no more;

Let me with conſtant Tears bewail——

S. Your Sorrow does but ſpoil my Tale.

My *Fifth* ſhe prov'd a jealous Wife,
Lord ſhield us all from ſuch a Life!
'Twas Doubt, Complaint, Reply, Chit-Chat,
'Twas This, To-day; To morrow, That.
Sometimes forſooth, upon the Brook,
I kept a Miſs; an honeſt *Rook*
Told it a *Snipe*, who told a *Stear*,
Who told it thoſe, who told it her.
One Day a *Linnet* and a *Lark*
Had met me ſtroleing in the Dark;
The next, a *Woodcock* and an *Owl*
Quick-ſighted, grave, and ſober Fowl,
Wou'd on their Corp'ral Oath alledge
I kiſs'd a *Hen* behind the Hedge.
Well, Madam *Turtle*, to be brief,
(Repeating but renews ou- Grief)
As once ſhe watch'd me from a Rail,
Poor Soul! her Footing chanc'd to fail,

And

And down ſhe fell, and broke her Hip,
The Fever came, and then the Pip:
Death did the only cure apply;
She was at quiet, ſo was I.

T. Cou'd Love unmov'd theſe Changes view?
His Sorrows, as his Joys are true.

S. My deareſt *Dove*, One wiſe Man ſays,
Alluding to our preſent Caſe,
We're here To-day, and gone To-morrow:
Then what avails ſuperfl'ous Sorrow!
Another full as wiſe as he,
Adds; that a Marry'd Man may ſee
Two happy Hours; and which are they?
The Firſt and Laſt, perhaps you'll ſay;
Tis true, when blithe ſhe goes to Bed,
And when ſhe peaceably lies Dead;
Women 'twixt Sheets *are beſt, 'tis ſaid,*
Be they of Holland *or of* Lead.

Now cur'd of HYMEN's Hopes and Fears,
And ſliding down the Vale of Years,

I hop'd

I hop'd to fix my future Reſt,
And took a *Widow* to my Neſt.
Ah *Turtle!* had ſhe been like Thee,
Sober, yet gentle; wiſe, yet free;
But ſhe was peeviſh, noiſy, bold,
A Witch ingrafted on a Scold:
JOVE in PANDORA's *Box* confin'd
A Hundred Ills to vex Mankind;
To vex one Bird, in her Bandore
He hid at leaſt a Hundred more:
And ſoon as Time that Veil withdrew,
The Plagues o'er all the Pariſh flew;
Her Stock of borrow'd Tears grew dry,
And Native Tempeſts arm'd her Eye,
Black Clouds around her Forehead hung,
And Thunder rattled on her Tongue.
We, Young or Old, or *Cock* or *Hen*,
All liv'd in ÆOLUS's Den;
The neareſt her, the more accurſt,
Ill far'd her Friends, her Husband worſt.

But

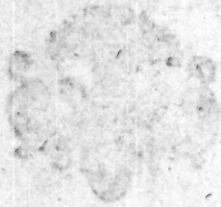
But *JOVE* amidſt his Anger ſpares,
Remarks our Faults, but hears our Pray'rs.
In ſhort, ſhe Dy'd. Why then ſhe's Dead,
Quoth I, and once again I'll wed.
Wou'd Heav'n this Mourning Year was paſt,
One may have better Luck at laſt.
Matters at worſt are ſure to mend,
The *DEVIL*'s *Wife* was but a *Fiend*.

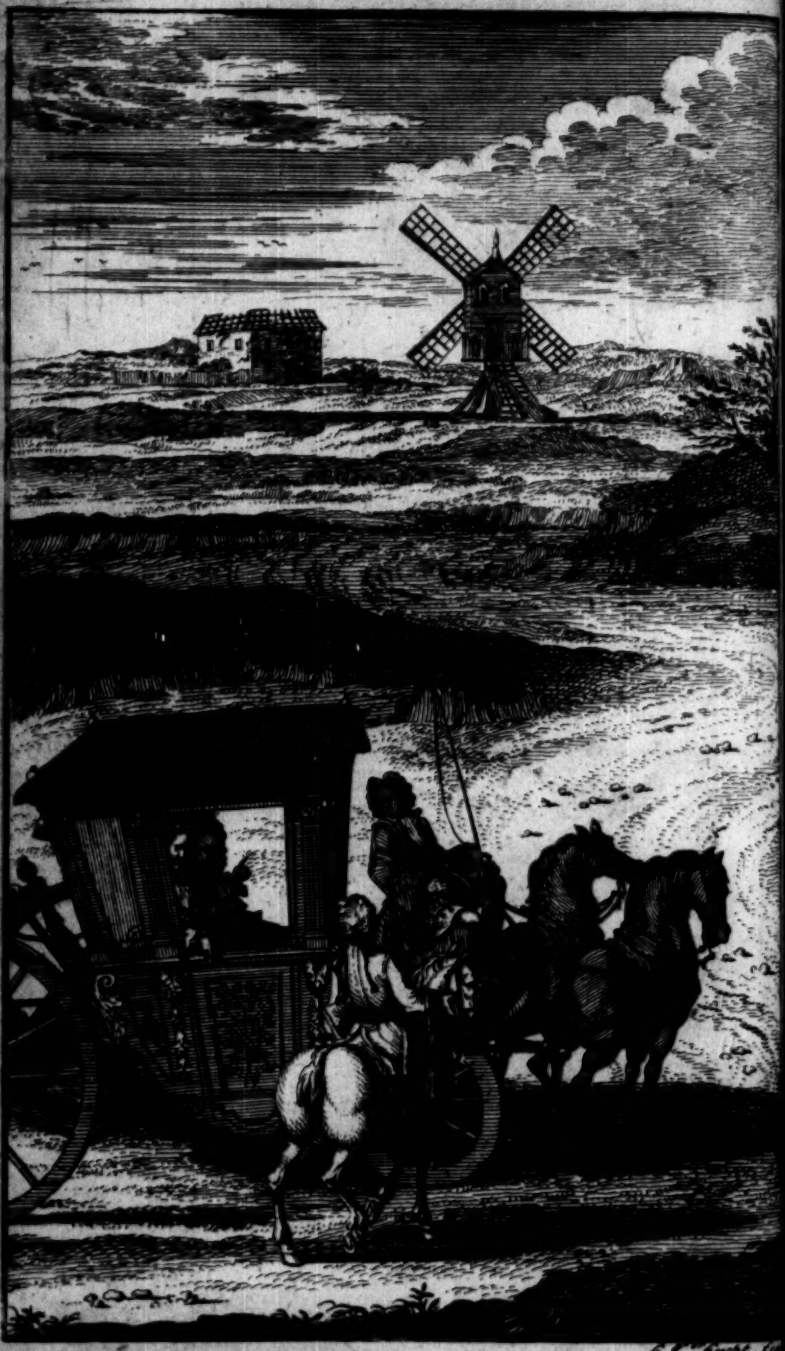
T. Thy Tale has rais'd a *Turtle*'s Spleen,
Uxorious Inmate, Bird obſcene,
Dar'ſt thou defile theſe Sacred Groves,
Theſe ſilent Seats of faithful Loves?
Begone, with flagging Wings ſit down
On ſome old *Pent-houſe* near the Town;
In *Brewers-Stables* peck thy Grain,
Then waſh it down with puddled Rain:
And hear thy dirty Off-ſpring Squall
From Bottles on a Suburb-Wall.
Where Thou haſt been, return again,
Vile Bird! Thou haſt convers'd with Men;

Notion

Notions like theſe, from Men are given,
Thoſe vileſt Creatures under Heaven.

To Cities and to Courts repair,
Flatt'ry and Falſhood flouriſh there:
There, all thy wretched Arts employ,
Where *Riches* triumph over *Joy*;
Where *Paſſions* do with *Int'reſt* Barter,
And HYMEN holds, by *Mammon*'s Charter;
Where *Truth*, by *Point of Law*, is *Parry'd*,
And *Knaves* and *Prudes* are SIX Times *Marry'd*.





DOWN-HALL;

A

BALLAD.

To the Tune of King JOHN, *and the* Abbot *of* CANTERBURY.

I Sing not old JASON, who Travell'd thro' *Greece*,
To Kiss the fair Maids, and poſſeſs the rich *Fleece*;
Nor Sing I ÆNEAS, who, led by his Mother,
Got rid of One WIFE, and went far for another,
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Nor Him who thro' *Aſia* and *Europe* did roam,
ULYSSES by Name, who ne'er cry'd to go home;
But rather deſir'd to ſee Cities and Men,
Than return to his Farms, and Converſe with old PEN'.

Hang HOMER and VIRGIL; their meaning to ſeek
A Man muſt have pok'd in the *Latin* and *Greek*;
Thoſe who Love our own Tongue, we have Reaſon to hope,
Have read them Tranſlated by DRYDEN and POPE.

But I Sing Exploits, that have lately been done
By Two *Britiſh* HEROES, call'd MATTHEW and JOHN:
And how they rid Friendly from fine *London*-Town,
Fair *Eſſex* to ſee, and a Place they call *DOWN*.

Now e'er they went out, you may rightly ſuppoſe,
How much they Diſcours'd, both in *Prudence* and *Proſe*:
For before this great *Journey* was throughly concerted,
Full often they met; and as often they parted.

And thus *Matthew* said, look you here, my Friend *John*
I fairly have Travell'd Years Thirty and One;
And tho' I still carry'd my *Soveraign*'s Warrants,
I only have gone upon other Folks Errands.

And now in this *Journey* of Life, I would have
A Place where to Bait, 'twixt the *Court* and the *Grave*;
Where joyful to Live, not unwilling to Die——
Gadzooks, I have just such a Place in my Eye.

There are Gardens so Stately, and Arbours so Thick,
A *Portal* of Stone, and a *Fabrick* of Brick.
The Matter next Week shall be all in your Pow'r;
But the Money, *Gadzooks*, must be Paid in an Hour.

For Things in this World, must by Law be made certain,
We Both must repair unto OLIVER MARTIN;
For he is a *Lawyer* of worthy Renown.
I'll bring You to see; he must fix you at *DOWN*.

Quoth MATTHEW, I know, that from *Berwick* to *Devon*
You've, Sold all our Premisses over and over.
And now if your Buyers and Sellers agree,
You may throw all our Acres into the *South-Sea.*

But a word to the Purpose; To-morrow, dear Friend,
We'll see, what To-night you so highly commend.
And if with a Garden and House I am blest;
Let the *Devil* and *Con——y* go with the rest.

Then answer'd Squire MORLEY, Pray get a *Calesh*,
That in *Summer* may Burn, and in *Winter* may Splash;
I love Dirt and Dust; and 'tis always my Pleasure,
To take with me much of the Soil which I Measure.

But *Matthew* thought better: for *Matthew* thought right,
And hired a *Chariot* so trim and so tight,
That extreams both of *Winter* and *Summer* might pass;
For one *Window* was *Canvas*, the t'other was *Glass.*

Draw up, quoth Friend *Matthew*; pull down, quoth Friend (*John*,
We shall be both Hotter and Colder anon.
Thus Talking and Scolding, they forward did Speed;
And RALPHO pac'd by, under NEWMAN the Sweed.

Into an old Inn did this Equipage roll,
At a Town they call *Hodsdon*, the Sign of the *Bull*,
Near a *Nymph* with an Urn, that divides the High-way,
And into a Puddle throws *Mother of Tea*.

Come here, my sweet Landlady, pray how do you do?
Where is *Sisley* so cleanly, and *Prudence* and *Sue*?
And where is the Widow that dwelt here below?
And the Hostler that Sung about Eight Years ago?

And where is your Sister so mild and so dear?
Whose Voice to her Maids like a Trumpet was clear:
By my Troth, She replies, you grow Younger, I think:
And pray, Sir, what Wine does the Gentleman drink?

Why now let me Die, Sir, or live upon Truſt,
If I know to which Queſtion to anſwer you firſt.
Why Things ſince I ſaw you, moſt ſtrangely have vary'd,
And the Hoſtler is Hang'd, and the Widow is Marry'd.

And PRUE left a Child for the Pariſh to Nurſe;
And SISLEY went off with a Gentleman's Purſe;
And as to my Siſter ſo mild and ſo dear,
She has lain in the Church-yard full many a Year.

Well, Peace to her Aſhes; what ſignifies Grief:
She Roaſted red-*Veal*, and ſhe Powder'd lean-*Beef*:
Full nicely ſhe knew to Cook up a fine Diſh;
For tough was her *Pullets*, and tender her *Fiſh*.

For that matter, Sir, be ye Squire Knight, or Lord,
I'll give you whate'er a good Inn can afford:
I ſhou'd look on myſelf as unhappily Sped,
Did I yield to a Siſter, or Living or Dead.

Or

Of *Mutton*, a delicate Neck and a Breaſt,
Shall Swim in the *Water* in which they were Dreſt:
And becauſe You great Folks are with Rarities taken,
Addle-*Eggs* ſhall be next Courſe, toſt up with rank-*Bacon*

Then Supper was Serv'd, and the Sheets they were laid;
And MORLEY moſt lovingly whiſper'd the Maid.
The Maid, was She handſome? why truly ſo, ſo:
But what MORLEY whiſper'd, we never ſhall know.

Then up roſe theſe *Heroes* as brisk as the Sun,
And their Horſes like has, were prepared to Run.
Now when in the Morning MATT. ask'd for the Score,
JOHN kindly had paid it the Ev'ning before.

Their Breakfaſt ſo warm to be ſure they did Eat:
A Cuſtom in Travellers, mighty Diſcreet,
And thus with great Friendſhip and glee they went on
To find out the Place you ſhall hear of anon,
call'd Down, *down*, *hey derry down*

But what did they talk of from Morning 'till Noon?
Why, of Spots in the *Sun*, and the Man in the *Moon*:
Of the CZAR's gentle Temper, the Stocks in the City,
The wiſe Men of *Greece*, and the Secret-*Committee*.

So to HARLOW they came; and hey, where are You all?
Show Us into the Parlour, and mind when I call:
Why, your Maids have no motion, your Men have no life;
Well Maſter, I hear you have Bury'd your *Wife*.

Come this very inſtant, take Care to provide
Tea, *Sugar*, and *Toaſt*, and a *Horſe*, and a *Guide*.
Are the *Harriſons* here, both the Old and the Young?
And where ſtands fair DOWN, the delight of my Song?

O Squire, to the Grief of my Heart I may ſay,
I have Bury'd Two *Wives* ſince you Travell'd this way;
And the *Harriſons* both may be preſently here;
And DOWN ſtands, I think, where it ſtood the laſt Year.

Then

Then JOAN brought the *Tea-pot*, and CALEB the *Toaſt*;
And the *Wine* was froth'd out by the Hand of my Hoſt:
But we clear'd our Extempore Banquet ſo faſt,
That the *Harriſons* both were forgot in the haſte.

Now hey for *Down-Hall*; for the Guide he was got;
The *Chariot* was mounted; the *Horſes* did trot;
The Guide he did bring us a Dozen Mile round:
But O! all in vain; for no *Down* cou'd be found.

O! thou *Popiſh* Guide, thou haſt led us aſtray.
Says he; how the Devil ſhou'd I know the way?
I never yet travell'd this Road in my Life:
But *Down* lyes on the left, I was told by my *Wife*.

Thy *Wife*, anſwer'd MATTHEW, when ſhe went abroad
Ne'er told Thee of half the bye-ways ſhe had trod:
Perhaps She met Friends, and brought Pence to Thy Houſe
But Thou ſhalt go home without ever a Souſe.

What is this thing MORLEY, and how can your mean it?
We have loſt our Eſtate here, before we have ſeen it.
Have Patience, ſoft MORLEY in anger reply'd:
To find out our way, let us ſend off our Guide.

O here I ſpy *Down*: caſt your Eye to the *Weſt*,
Where a *Wind-mill* ſo ſtately ſtands plainly Confeſt.
On the *Weſt* reply'd MATTHEW, no *Wind-mill* I find:
As well Thou may'ſt tell me, I ſee the *Weſt-wind*.

Now pardon me, MORLEY, the *Wind-mill* I ſpy
But faithful ACHATES, no Houſe is there nigh.
Look again, ſays mild MORLEY, *Gadzooks* you are blind:
The *Mill* ſtands before; and the *Houſe* lyes behind.

O now a low ruin'd white Shed I diſcern,
Until'd and unglaz'd; I believe 'tis a *Barn*.
A *Barn*? why you rave: 'Tis a *Houſe* for a Squire,
A Juſtice of Peace, or a Knight of our Shire.

A Houſe ſhou'd be Built or with *Brick*, or with *Stone*.
Why, 'tis *Plaſter* and *Lath*; and I think, that's all One.
And ſuch as it is, it has ſtood with great Fame,
Been called a *Hall* and has given its Name
To Down, *down*, *hey derry down*.

O MORLEY, O MORLEY, if that be a *Hall*;
The Fame with the Building will ſuddenly fall——
With your Friend JEMMY GIBBS about Buildings agree,
My Buſineſs is Land; and it matters not me.

I wiſh you cou'd tell, what a-duce your head ails:
I ſhow'd you *Down-Hall*; did you look for *Verſailles*?
Then take Houſe and Farm, as JOHN BALLET will let you:
For Better for Worſe, as I took my Dame BETTY.

And now, Sir, a word to the Wiſe is enough;
You'll make very little of all your Old Stuff:
And to build at your Age, by my Troth, you grow ſimple;
Are you Young and Rich, like the *Maſter* of *Wimple*?

If You have theſe Whims of Apartments and Gardens,
From Twice Fifty Acres you'll ne'er ſee five Farthings:
And in Yours I ſhall find the true Gentleman's Fate;
E'er you finiſh your Houſe, you'll have ſpent your Eſtate.

Now let Us touch Thumbs, and be Friends e'er we part.
Here, JOHN, is my Thumb; and here, MATT, is my Heart,
To *Halſtead* I ſpeed; and You go back to Town.
Thus ends the *Firſt part* of the *Ballad* of *DOWN.*

Derry down, down, hey derry down

AN EPISTLE TO FLEETWOOD SHEPPARD *Esq*;

Written *Anno*, 1689.

WHen crowding Folks, with ſtrange ill Faces,
Were making Legs, and begging Places,
And ſome with *Patents*, ſome with *Merit*,
Tir'd out my good Lord *Dorſet*'s ſpirit:
Sneaking, I ſtood, amongſt the Crew,
Deſiring much to ſpeak with you.

I waited

I waited while the Clock ſtruck *Thrice*,
And *Footman* brought out fifty Lies;
Till *Patience* vext, and *Legs* grown weary,
I thought it was in vain to tarry:
But did opine it might be better,
By Penny-Poſt to ſend a Letter,
Now, if you miſs of this *Epiſtle*,
I'm baulk'd again, and may go whiſtle.
My buſineſs, Sir, you'll quickly gueſs,
Is to deſire ſome little place,
And fair Pretenſions I have for't,
Much Need, and very ſmall deſert.
When-e'er I writ to you, I wanted;
I always begg'd, you always granted,
Now as you took me up when little,
Gave me my learning and my Vittle:
Ask'd for me, from my Lord, things fitting,
Kind as I'ad been your one begetting,
Confirm what formerly you've given
Nor leave me now at ſix and ſevens
As *Sunderland* has left *Mun Stephens*.

No Family that takes a Whelp,
When firſt he laps, and ſcarce can yelp,
Neglects, or turns him out of Gate,
When He's grown up to Dog's Eſtate:
Nor Pariſh if they once adopt
The ſpurious Brats that Strolers dropt,
Leave 'em when grown up Luſty Fellows,
To the wide World, that is the *Gallows*:
No, thank 'em for their Love, that's worſe,
Than if they'ad throtled 'em at Nurſe.

My Uncle, reſt his Soul, when Living,
Might have contriv'd me ways of Thriving;
Taught me with *Cyder* to repleniſh
My Vats, or ebbing Tide of *Rheniſh*.
So when for *Hock* I drew Prickt *White-wine*,
Swear 't had the flavour, and was right *Wine*:
Or ſent me with Ten Pounds to *Furni-*
val's Inn, to ſome good Rogue-Attorney;
Where now, by forging Deeds, and cheating,
I ad found ſome handſome ways of getting.

All

All this, You made me quit to follow
That sneaking Whey-fac'd God *Apollo*.
Sent me among a Fidling Crew
Of Folks, I'ad never seen nor knew,
Calliope, and God knows who.
To add no more Invectives to it,
You spoil'd the Youth to make a Poet.
In common Justice, Sir, there's no Man
That makes the Whore, but keeps the Woman.
Among all honest Christian People,
Whoe'er breaks Limbs, maintains the Cripple.

The Sum of all I have to say,
Is, that you'd put me in some way,
And your *Petitioner* shall Pray——

There's One thing more, I'ad almost slipt,
But that may do as well in *Post script*;
My Friend *Charles Mountague*'s preferr'd,
Nor wou'd I have it long observ'd,
That *One Mouse* Eats, while T' *other*'s Starv'd.

Ad

4 *Junij* 1692.

Ad Virum doctissimum, & Amicum, Dominum Samuelem Shaw, *dum Theses de* Ictero *pro Gradu Doctoris defenderet.*

PHœbe potens Sævis Morbis vel lædere Gentes,
Lætas solerti vel relevare Manu,
Aspice tu Decus hoc nostrum, placidusque fatere
Indomitus quantum profit in Arte Labor:
Non Ictrûm posthac Pestemve minaberis Orbi,
Fortius hic Juvenis dum Medicamen habet:
Mitte dehinc Iras, & Nato Carmina dona;
Neglectum Telum dejice, sume Lyram.

Matthæus Prior, A. M. & Colleg.
Divi Ioann. Cantab. Socius.

THE

The *same* Translated. By Mr. COOKE.

TO

Mr. SAMUEL SHAW,

ON

Receiving his Doctor's DEGREE.

O! PHOEBUS, Deity, whose pow'rful Hand
Can spread Diseases thro' the joyful Land,
Alike all pow'rful to relieve the Pain,
And bid the groaning Nations smile again,
When this our Pride you see, confess you find
In Him what Art can do with Labour join'd,
No more the World thy direful Threats shall fear,
While he, the Youth, our Remedy, is near:
Suppress thy Rage, with Verse thy Son inspire,
The Dart neglected to assume the Lyre.

THE

THE REMEDY, Worſe than the DISEASE.

I.

I Sent for RADCLIFFE, was ſo ill,
That other Doctors gave me over,
He felt my Pulſe, preſcribed his *Pill*
And I was likely to recover.

II.

But when the *Wit* began to wheeze,
And Wine had warmed the *Politician*,
Cur'd yeſterday of my Diſeaſe,
I died laſt night of my *Phyſician*.

ON

ON

Biſhop ATTERBURY's

Burying the Duke of

BUCKINGHAM.

I *Have no Hopes,* the *Duke* he ſays, and Dies;
In ſure and certain Hopes——the *Prelate* cries:
Of Theſe Two learned *Peers,* I prithee ſay, Man,
Who is the *lying Knave,* the *Prieſt* or *Layman?*
The *Duke* he ſtands an Infidel Confeſt,
He's our dear Brother, quoth the Lordly Prieſt.
The *Duke,* tho' *Knave,* Still *Brother dear* he cries,
And, who can ſay, the Rev'rend *Prelate* lies?

AN

AN

ODE,

In Imitation of the Second ODE of the Third BOOK of HORACE.

Written *Anno*, 1692.

I.

HOW long, deluded *Albion*, wilt Thou lie (*a*)
In the Lethargic Sleep, the sad Repose,
By which thy close, thy constant Enemy,
Has softly lull'd Thee to Thy Woes?
Or

(*a*) *Angustam, amice, Pauperiem pati*
Robustus acri Militiâ Puer
Condiscat, & Parthos feroces
Vexet eques metuendus hastâ.

Or Wake, degen'rate Isle, or Cease to own
What Thy Old Kings in *Gallic* Camps have done;
The Spoils They brought Thee back, the Crowns They won,
WILLIAM (so Fate requires) again is Arm'd;
Thy Father to the Field is gone:
Again *MARIA* weeps Her absent Lord
For Thy Repose content to Rule alone.
Are Thy Enervate Sons not yet Alarm'd?
When *WILLIAM* Fights, dare they look tamely on,
So slow to get their Ancient Fame Restor'd,
As not to melt at Beauty's Tears, nor follow Valour's Sword?

II.

See the Repenting Isle Awakes,
Her Vicious Chains the gen'rous Goddess breaks:
The Foggs around Her Temples are Dispell'd;
Abroad She Looks, and Sees Arm'd *Belgia* stand
Prepar'd to meet their common Lord's Command;
Her Lyons Roaring by Her Side, Her Arrows in Her Hand,
And Blushing to have been so long with-held;
Weeps off Her Crime, and hastens to the Field:

(*b*) Hence

(*b*) Henceforth Her Youth ſhall be inur'd to bear
Hazardous Toil and Active War:
To march beneath the Dog-Star's raging Heat,
Patient of Summer's Drought, and Martial Sweat;
And only Grieve in Winter Camps to find,
Its Days too ſhort for Labours They deſign'd:
All Night beneath hard heavy Arms to Watch;
All Day to Mount the Trench, to Storm the Breach
And all the rugged Paths to tread,
Where *WILLIAM*, and his Virtue lead.

III.

(*c*) Silence is the Soul of War;
Delib'rate Counſel muſt prepare
The mighty Work, which Valour muſt compleat:
Thus *WILLIAM* Reſcues, thus Preſerves the State;
Thus Teaches Us to Think and Dare;
As whilſt his Cannon juſt prepar'd to Breathe
Avenging Anger, and ſwift Death, In

(*b*) *Vitamque ſub Dio & trepidis agat*
In rebus.

(*c*) *Eſt & fideli tuta ſilentio*
Merces, &c.

In the try'd Mettle the cloſe Dangers glow,
And now, too late, the Dying Foe
Perceives the Flame, yet cannot ward the Blow;
So whilſt in *WILLIAM*'s Breaſt ripe Counſels lie,
Secret and ſure as Brooding Fate,
No more of His Deſign appears,
Than what Awakens *Gallia*'s Fears;
And (through Guilt's Eye can ſharply penetrate)
Diſtracted *Lewis* can deſcry
Only a long unmeaſur'd Ruin nigh.

IV.

On *Norman* Coaſts and Banks of frighted *Seine*
Lo! the Impeading Storms begin:
Britannia ſafely through her Maſter's Sea,
Plows up her Victorious Way.
The *French* SALMONEUS throws his Bolts in vain;
Whilſt the true Thunderer aſſerts the Main:

'Tis done! to Shelves and Rocks his Fleets retire,
Swiftly Victory in Vengeful Flames
Burns down the Pride of their Presumptuous Names:
They run to Shipwrack to avoid our Fire,
And the torn Vessels that regain their Coast
Are but sad Marks to shew the rest are lost:
All this the Mild, the Beauteous, *Queen* has done,
And *WILLIAM*'s softer-Half shakes *Lewis* 'Throne,
MARIA does the Sea command
Whilst *Gallia* flies her Husband's Arms by Land,
So, the *Sun* absent, with full sway the *Moon*
Governs the Isles, and rules the Waves alone
So *Juno* thunders when her *Jove* is gone.
O *Britannia*! loose thy Ocean's Chains,
Whilst *Russel* strikes the Blow Thy *Queen* ordains:
Thus Rescu'd, thus Rever'd, for ever stand,
And bless the Counsel, and Reward the Hand,
O *Britannia*! thy *MARIA* Reigns.

V.

From *MARY*'s Conqueſts, and the Reſcu'd Main, (*d*)
Let *France* look forth to *Samber*'s armed Shore,
And boaſt her Joy for *WILLIAM*'s Death no more.
He lives, let *France* confeſs, the Victor lives:
Her Triumphs for his Death were vain,
And ſpoke her Terrour of his Life too plain.
The mighty years begin, the day draws nigh,
In which *That One* of *Lewis*' many Wives,
Who by the baleful force of guilty Charms,
Has long enthral'd Him in Her wither'd Arms,
Shall o'er the Plains from diſtant Tow'rs on high,
Caſt around her mournful Eye,
And with Prophetick Sorrow cry:
Why

(*d*) ——— *Illum ex mœnibus hoſticis.*
Matrona bellantis Tyranni
Proſpiciens, & adulta virgo
Suſpiret, eheu! ne rudis agminum
Sponſus laceſſat regius aſperam
Tactu leonem quem cruenta
Per medias rapit Ira Cades.

Why does my ruin'd Lord retard his flight?
Why does Deſpair provoke his Age to fight?
As well the Wolf may venture to engage
The angry Lyon's gen'rous rage;
The rav'nous Vulture, and the Bird of Night,
As ſafely tempt the ſtooping Eagle's flight,
As *Lewis* to unequal Arms defy
Yon' *Heroe*, crown'd with blooming Victory,
Juſt triumphing o'er Rebel-Rage reſtrain'd,
And yet unbreath'd from Battels gain'd.
See! all yon' duſty Field's quite cover'd o'er
With hoſtile Troops, and *ORANGE* at their Head
ORANGE deſtin'd to compleat
The great Deſigns of labouring Fate,
ORANGE the Name that Tyrants dread:
He comes, our ruin'd Empire is no more,
Down, like the *Perſian*, goes the *Gallic* Throne,
Darius flies, Young *Ammon* urges on.

VI.

Now from the dubious Battel's mingled heat,
Let fear look back, and ſtretch her haſty Wing, (e)
Impatient to ſecure a baſe retreat:
Let the pale Coward leave his Wounded King,
For the vile privilege to breathe,
To live with ſhame in dread of glorious Death?
In vain: for Fate has ſwifter Wings than fear,
She follows hard, and ſtrikes him in the rear,
Dying and Mad the Traytor bites the ground,
His Back transfix'd with a diſhoneſt Wound;
Whilſt through the fierceſt Troops, and thickeſt Preſs,
Virtue carries on Succeſs;
Whilſt equal Heav'n guards the diſtinguiſh'd brave,
And Armies cannot hurt whom Angels ſave.

VII. Virtue

(e) *Dulce & decorum eſt pro Patriâ mori,*
Mors & fugacem proſequitur virum
Nec parcit imbellis Juventæ
Poplitibus timidoque tergo.

VIe.

Virtue to Verſe immortal Luſtre gives,
Each by the other's mutual Friendſhip lives;
Æneas ſuffer'd, and *Achilles* fought,
The *Heroe*'s Acts enlarg'd the *Poet*'s Thought,
Or *Virgil*'s Majeſty, and *Homer*'s Rage
Had ne'er like laſting Nature vanquiſh'd Age;
Whilſt *Lewis* then his riſing Terrour drowns
With Drums Alarms, and Trumpets Sounds,
Whilſt hid in arm'd Retreats and guarded Towns,
From Danger as from Honour far,
He bribes cloſe Murder againſt open War:
In vain you *Gallic* Muſes ſtrive
With labour'd Verſe to keep his Fame alive,
Your mouldring Monuments in vain you raiſe
On the weak Baſis of the Tyrant's Praiſe:
Your Songs are ſold, your Numbers are Profane,
'Tis Incenſe to an Idol given,
Meat offer'd to *Prometheus*' Man
That had no Soul from Heaven.

Againſt his Will you chain your frighted King
On rapid *Rhine*'s divided Bed;
And Mock your *Heroe*, Whilſt ye Sing
The Wounds for which he never bled;
Falſhood does poyſon on your Praiſe difuſe,
And *Lewis*' fear gives Death to *Boileau*'s Muſe.

VIII.

On it's own Worth True Majeſty is rear'd, (*f*)
And Virtue is her own Reward,
With ſolid Beams and Native Glory bright,
She neither Darkneſs dreads, nor covets Light;
True to Her-ſelf, and fix't to inborn Laws,
Nor ſunk by ſpite, nor lifted by Applauſe,
She from Her ſettled Orb looks calmly down,
On Life or Death, a Priſon, or a Crown.

When

(*f*) *Virtus repulſæ neſcia ſordidæ*
Intaminatis fulget Honoribus
Nec ponit aut ſumit ſecures
Arbitrio populáris auræ.

When bound in double Chains poor *Belgia* lay
To foreign Arms, and inward ſtrife a Prey,
Whilſt One Good Man buoy'd up Her ſinking State,
And Virtue labour'd againſt Fate;
When fortune baſely with ambition joyn'd,
And all was conquer'd but the *Patriot*'s mind,
When Storms let looſe, and raging Seas
Juſt ready the torn Veſſel to o'erwhelm,
Forc'd not the faithful Pilot from his Helm,
Nor all the *Syren* Songs of future Peace,
And dazling Proſpect of a promis'd Crown,
Could lure his ſtubborn Virtue down;
But againſt Charms, and Threats, and Hell, He ſtood,
To that which was ſeverely good;
Then, had no Trophies juſtified his Fame,
No Poet bleſt his Song with *NASSAU*'s Name,
Virtue alone did all That Honour bring,
And Heaven as plainly pointed out *The KING*,
As when He at the Altar ſtood
In all his Types and Robes of Pow'r,
Whilſt at His Feet Religious *Britain* bow'd,
And own'd him next to what We there Adore

IX

Say joyful *Maeſe*, and *Boyne*'s Victorious Flood,
(For each has mixt his Waves with Royal Blood)
When *WILLIAM*'s Armies paſt, did He retire,
Or view from far the Battel's diſtant Fire?
Cou'd He believe His Perſon was too dear?
Or uſe His Greatneſs to conceal His Fear?
Cou'd Pray'rs or Sighs the dauntleſs *Heroe* move?
Arm'd with Heav'n's juſtice, and His People's Love
Thro' the firſt Waves He wing'd His Vent'rous Way
And on the Adverſe Shore aroſe,
(Ten thouſand flying Deaths in vain oppoſe)
Like the great Ruler of the Day,
With ſtrength and Swiftneſs mounting from the Sea;
Like Him all Day He Toil'd but long in Night,
The God had eas'd His weary'd light,
Eer Vengeance left the ſtubborn Foes,
Or *WILLIAM*'s Labours found repoſe?
When His Troops faulter'd, ſtept not He between?
Reſtor'd the dubious Fight again,
Mark'd out the Coward that durſt fly,
And led the fainting Brave to Victory? Still

Still as ſhe fled Him, did He not o'ertake
Her doubtful courſe, ſtill brought Her Bleeding back?
By his keen Sword did not the boldeſt fall?
Was he not King, Commander, Soldier All—
His Dangers ſuch, as with becoming Dread,
His Subjects yet Unborn ſhall Weep to Read;
And were not thoſe the only Days that e'er
The Pious Princes refus'd to hear
His Friends Advices; or His Subjects Pray'r.

X.

Where'er old *Rhine* his fruitful Water turns,
Or fills his Vaſſals Tributary Urns;
To *Belgia*'s fav'd Dominions, and the Sea,
Whoſe righted Waves rejoyce in *WILLIAM*'s ſway
Is there a Town where Childen are not Taught,
Here *Holland* Proſper'd, for here *ORANGE* Fought,
Through Rapid Waters, and through flying Fire,
Here ruſh'd the Prince, Here made whole *France* (retire—
By diff'rent Nations be his Valour bleſt,
In diff'rent Languages confeſt,
And then let *Shannon* Speak the reſt: Let

Let *Shannon* Speak, how on her wond'ring Shore,
When Conqueſt hov'ring on his Arms did wait,
And only ask'd ſome Lives to Bribe her o'er;
The God-like Man, the more than Conqueror,
With high Contempt ſent back the ſpecious Bait.
And Scorning Glory at a Price too great,
With ſo much Pow'r, ſuch Piety did joyn,
As made a Perfect Virtue Soar
A Pitch unknown to Man before,
And lifted *Shannon*'s Waves o'er thoſe of *Boyne*.

XI.

Nor do his Subjects only ſhare
The Proſp'rous Fruits of his Indulgent Reign;
His Enemies approve the Pious War,
Which, with their Weapon, takes away their Chain:
More than His Sword his Goodneſs ſtrikes his Foes;
They Bleſs His Arms, and Sigh they muſt oppoſe.
Juſtice and Freedom on his Conqueſts wait,
And 'tis for Man's Delight that He is Great:
Succeeding Times ſhall with long Joy contend,
If He were more a Victor, or a Friend: So

So much His Courage and His Mercy ſtrive,
He Wounds, to Cure; and Conquers, to Forgives

XII.

Ye *Heroes*, who have Fought your Country's Cauſe,
Redreſs'd Her Injuries or Form'd Her Laws,
To my Advent'rous Song juſt Witneſs bear,
Aſſiſt the Pious Muſe, and hear Her Swear,
That 'tis no Poet's Thought, no Flight of Youth,
But ſolid Story, and ſevereſt Truth,
That *WILLIAM* Treaſures up a greater Name,
Than any Country, any Age, can Boaſt:
(g) And all that Ancient Stock of Fame
He did from His Fore-Fathers take.
He has improv'd, and gives with Int'reſt back;
And in His Conſtellation does unite
Their ſcatter'd Rays of Fainter Light:

Above

(g) *Virtus recludens immeritis Mori*
Cœlum, negatâ tentat iter viâ
Cœtuſque vulgares & udam
Spernit humum fugiente pennâ.

Above or Envy's laſh, or Fortune's Wheel,
That ſettled Glory ſhall for ever dwell
Above the Rolling Orbs, and common Sky,
Where nothing comes that e'er ſhall Die.

XIII.

Where roves the Muſe? Where thoughtleſs to return?
Is her ſhort liv'd Veſſel Borne,
By Potent Winds too ſubject to be toſt?
And in the Sea of *WILLIAM*'s Praiſes loſt?
Nor let her tempt that Deep, nor make the Shore
Where our abandon'd Youth She ſees
Shipwrack'd in Luxury, and loſt in Eaſe;
Whom nor *Britannia*'s Danger can alarm,
Nor *WILLIAM*'s Exemplary Virtue warm:
Tell 'em howe'er the *King* can yet Forgive
Their Guilty Sloth, their Homage yet Receive,
And let their wounded Honour live:

But

But ſure and ſudden be their juſt Remorſe;
Swift be their Virtues riſe, and ſtrong its Courſe; (*b*)
For though for certain Years and deſtin'd Times,
Merit has lain confus'd with Crimes;
Though *Jove* ſeem'd Negligent of human Cares,
Nor Scourg'd our Follies, nor return'd our Pray'rs,
His Juſtice now Demands the equal Scales,
Sedition is ſuppreſs'd, and Truth Prevails:
Fate it's great End by ſlow Degrees Attains,
And *Europe* is Redeem'd and *WILLIAM* Reigns.

(*b*) ——— *Sæpe Dieſpiter*
Neglectus inceſto addidit Integrum
Rario antecedentem Sceleſtum
Deſeruit Pede pœna Claudo.

VERSES

VERSES

Spoke to the

LADY *Henrietta-Cavendiſh Holles Harley,*

In the LIBRARY of

St. *John's* COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

November the *9th*, *Anno:* 1719.

MADAM,

SINCE *ANNA* viſited the Muſes-Seat,
(Around her Tomb let weeping Angels wait)
Hail THOU, the Brighteſt of thy Sex, and Beſt,
Moſt gracious Neighbour and moſt welcome Gueſt.
Not HARLEY's Self to *Cam* and *Iſis* dear,
In Virtues and in Arts great OXFORD's Heir,
Not HE ſuch preſent Honours ſhall receive,
As to his CONSORT We aſpire to give.

Writings

Writings of Men our Thoughts to Day neglects,
To pay due Homage to the Softer Sex:
Plato and *Tully* we forbear to read,
And their great Foll'wers whom this Houſe has (bred,
To ſtudy Leſſons from thy Morals given,
And ſhining Characters, impreſs'd by Heaven.
Science in Books no longer We purſue,
Minerva's Self in HARRIET's Face we view;
For when with Beauty we can Virtue join,
We paint the Semblance of a Form Divine.

Their pious Incenſe let our neighbours bring,
To the kind Mem'ry of ſome bounteous King,
With grateful Hand, due Altars let them raiſe,
To ſome good Knight's, or holy Prelate's Praiſe;
We tune our Voices to a nobler Theme,
Your Eyes We bleſs, your Praiſes we proclaim,
Saint *John*'s was founded in a Woman's Name.
Enjoin'd by Statute, to the Fair We bow;
In Spite of Time, We keep our ancient Vow;
What *Margaret Tudor* was, is *Harriet Harley* now.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

TO THE

ORPHAN.

Repreſented by ſome of the *Weſtminſter*-Scholars at *Hickford*'s Dancing-Room, the 2d of *February*, 1720.

Spoken by the LORD *DUPLIN*, who acted *CORDELIO*.

WHAT wou'd my humble Comrades have me ſay?
Gentle Spectators, pray excuſe the Play?
Such Work by hireling Actors ſhou'd be done,
Whom you may clap or hiſs for half a Crown:
Our generous Scenes for Friendſhip We repeat;
And if we don't delight, at leaſt we treat.

Our

Ours is the Damage, if We chance to blunder;
We may be ask'd whoſe Patent We act under.

How ſhall We gain you? *Alamode de France?*
We hir'd this Room; but none of Us can Dance
In cutting Capers We ſhall never pleaſe:
Our Learning does not lye below our Knees

Shall We procure You Symphony and Sound?
Then You muſt Each ſubſcribe Two hundred Pound
There We ſhou'd fail too, as to Point of Voice:
Miſtake Us not; We're no ITALIAN Boys:
True BRITONS born, from *Weſtminſter* We come;
And only ſpeak the Style of ancient ROME.
We wou'd deſerve, not poorly beg Applauſe;
And ſtand or fall by *Freind*'s and *Busby*'s Laws.

For the *Diſtreſs'd* Your Pity We implore:
If once refus'd, We'll trouble You no more,
But leave our *Orphan* ſquawling at your Door.

THE

THE CONVERSATION. A TALE.

IT always has been thought discreet,
To know the Company You meet;
And sure there may be secret Danger.
In talking much before a Stranger.
Agreed: What then? Then drink your Ale:
I'll pledge You, and repeat my Tale.

No Matter where the Scene is fixt;
The Persons were but odly mixt;
When Sober DAMON thus began:
(And DAMON is a clever Man)
I now grow Old; but still, from Youth,
Have held for Modesty and Truth:

The

The Men who by these Sea-marks steer,
In Life's great Voyage never Err:
Upon this Point I dare defy
The World: I pause for a Reply.

Sir, Either is a good Assistant:
Said One who sat a little distant:
Truth decks our Speeches and our Books;
And Modesty adorns our Looks:
But farther Progress We must take,
Not only born to Look and Speak:
The Man must Act. The STAGYRITE
Says thus, and says extremely right:
Strict Justice is the Sov'raign Guide,
That o'er our Actions shou'd preside,
This Queen of Virtues is confest,
To regulate and bind the rest.
Thrice Happy, if You can but find
Her equal Balance poize your Mind:

All

All different Graces ſoon will enter,
Like Lines concurrent to their Center.

Twas thus, in ſhort, theſe Two went on,
With Yea and Nay, and Pro and Con,
Thro' many Points divinely Dark,
And WATERLAND aſſaulting CLARKE;
'Till, in Theology half loſt,
DAMON took up the Evening Poſt;
Confounded SPAIN, compos'd the NORTH,
And deep in Politicks held forth.

Methinks We're in the like Condition,
As at the TREATY of PARTITION:
That Stroke, for All King WILLIAM's Care,
Begat another Tedious War:
MATTHEW, who knew the whole Intrigue,
Ne'er much approv'd That Myſtic League
In the vile UTRECHT TREATY too,
Poor Man, He found enough to do:

Sometime

Sometimes to Me He did apply;
But down-right Dunſtable was I,
And told Him, where they were miſtaken;
And counſell'd Him to ſave his Bacon:
But (paſs His Politicks and Proſe)
Never herded with his Foes;
Nay, in the Verſes, as a Friend,
Still found Something to commend:
Yet, I excus'd his NUT-BROWN-MAID;
Whate'er ſeverer Criticks ſaid:
Too far, I own, the Girl was try'd:
The Women All were on my Side.
For ALMA I return'd Him Thanks:
Lik'd Her with Her little Pranks:
Indeed, poor SOLOMON in Rhime,
Was much too grave to be Sublime.
PINDAR and DAMON ſcorn Tranſition:
So on He ran a new Diviſion;

'Till

'Till out of Breath he turn'd to ſpit:
(Chance often helps Us more than Wit)
T'other that lucky Moment took,
Juſt nick'd the Time, broke in, and ſpoke.

Of all the Gifts the Gods afford,
(If we may take old TULLY's Word)
The greateſt is a Friend; whoſe Love
Knows how to praiſe and when reprove:
From ſuch a Treaſure never part,
But hang the Jewel on your Heart:
And, pray, Sir (it delights Me) tell;
You know this Author mighty well——
Know Him! d'ye queſtion it? Ods fiſh!
Sir, does a Beggar know his Diſh?
I lov'd Him, as I told You, I
Advis'd Him——Here a Stander-by
Twitch'd DAMON gently by the Cloak,
And thus unwilling Silence broke:

DAMON, 'tis Time We ſhou'd retire,
The Man You talk with is MAT. PRIOR.

PATRON thro' Life, & from thy Birth my Friend
DORSET, to Thee this Fable let Me ſend:
With DAMON's Lightneſs weigh Thy ſolid Worth;
The Foil is known to ſet the Diamond forth:
Let the feign'd Tale this real Moral give,
How many DAMONS, how few DORSETS Live.

*COLIN*s MISTAKES.

Written in Imitation of SPENSER's Style.

Me ludit Amabilis
Inſania. Hor.

I.

FAST by the Banks of *Cam* was *Colin* bred:
Ye *Nymphs*, for ever guard That ſacred Stream;
To *Wimpole*'s woody Shade his Way he ſped:
Flouriſh thoſe Woods, the *Muſes* endleſs Theme.
As whilom *Colin* ancient Books had read
Layes *Greek* and *Roman* wou'd he oft rehearſe,
And much he lov'd, and much by heart he ſaid
What Father *Spenſer* ſung in *Britiſh* Verſe.
Who reads that Bard deſires like Him to write,
Still fearful of Succeſs, ſtill tempted by Delight.

II. Soon

II.

Soon as *Aurora* had unbarr'd the Morn,
And Light diſcover'd Nature's chearful Face;
The ſounding Clarion, and the ſprightly Horn
Call'd the blyth Huntſman to the diſtant Chace.
Eftſoons They iſſue forth, a goodly Band;
The deep-mouth'd Hounds with Thunder rend the (Air,
The fiery Courſers ſtrike the riſing Sand;
Far thro' the Thicket flies the frighted Deer;
Harley the Honour of the Day ſupports;
His Preſence glads the Wood; His Orders guide the (Sports.

III.

On a fair Palfrey well equip't did ſit
An Amazonian Dame; a ſcarlet Veſt
For active Horſemanſhip adaptly fit
Enclos'd her dainty Limbs; a plumed Creſt
Wav'd o'er her Head; obedient by her Side
Her Friends and Servants rode; with artful Hand
Full well knew She the Steed to turn and guide:
The willing Steed receiv'd her ſoft Command:
Courage and Sweetneſs in her Face were ſeated;
On Her all Eyes were bent, and all good Wiſhes (waited.

IV. This

IV.

This ſeeing, *Colin* thus his *Muſe* beſpake :
For alltydes was the *Muſe* to *Colin* nigh,
Ah me too nigh! Or, *Clio*, I miſtake ;
Or that bright Form that pleaſeth ſo mine Eye,
Is *Jove*'s fair Daughter *Pallas*, gracious Queen
Of lib'ral Arts ; with Wonder and Delight
In *Homer*'s Verſe we read Her ; well I ween,
That em'lous of his *Grecian* Maſter's Flight,
Dan *Spenſer* makes the fav'rite Goddeſs known ;
When in her graceful Look fair *Britomart* is ſhown.

V.

At Noon as *Colin* to the Caſtle came,
Ope'd were the Gates, and right prepar'd the Feaſt,
Appears at Table rich yclad a Dame,
The Lord's Delight, the Wonder of the Gueſt.
With Pearl and Jewels was ſhe ſumptuous deckt,
As well became her Dignity and Place ;
But the Beholders mought her Gems neglect
To fix their Eyes on her more lovely Face,
Serene with Glory, and with Softneſs bright :
O Beauty ſent from Heav'n, to cheer the mortal ſight!

Lib'ral *Munificence* behind her ſtood;
And decent *State* obey'd her high Command;
And *Charity* diffuſe of native Good
At once portrayes her Mind, and guides her Hand.
As to each Gueſt ſome Fruits She deign'd to lift,
And Silence with obliging Parley broke;
How gracious ſeem'd to each th' imparted Gift;
But how more gracious what the Giver ſpoke?
Such Eaſe, ſuch Freedom did her Deed attend,
That ev'ry Gueſt rejoic'd, exalted to a Friend.

VII.

Quoth *Colin*; *Clio*, if my feeble Senſe
Can well diſtinguiſh Yon illuſtrious Dame,
Who nobly doth ſuch gentle Gifts diſpenſe;
In *Latian* Numbers *Juno* is her Name,
Great Goddeſs who with Peace and Plenty crown'd
To all that under Sky breathe vital Air
Diffuſeth Bliſs, and thro' the World around
Pours wealthy Eaſe, and ſcatters joyous Chear;
Certes of Her in ſemblant Guiſe I read;
Where *Spenſer* decks his Lays with *Gloriana*'s Deed.

VIII.

As *Colin* mus'd at Ev'ning near the Wood;
A Nymph undress'd, beseemeth, by Him past,
Down to her Feet her silken Garment flow'd:
A Ribbon bound, and shap'd, her slender Waist:
A Veil dependent from her comely Head,
And beauteous Plenty of ambrosial Hair,
O'er her fair Breast and lovely Shoulders spread,
Behind fell loose, and wanton'd with the Air.
The smiling *Zephyrs* call'd their am'rous Brothers:
They kiss'd the waving Lawn, and wafted it to Others.

IX.

Daisies and Violets rose, wheree'er She trod;
As *Flora* kind her Roots and Buds had sorted:
And led by *Hymen*, Wedlock's mystic God;
Ten thousand *Loves* around the Nymph disported.
Quoth *Colin*; now I ken the Goddess bright,
Whom Poets sing: All human Hearts enthral'd
Obey her Pow'r; her Kindness the Delight
Of Gods and Men; great *Venus* She is call'd,
When *Mantuan Virgil* doth her Charms rehearse;
Belyssebe is her Name, in gentle *Edmund's* Verse.

X. Heard

X.

Heard this the *Muſe*, and with a Smile reply'd,
Which ſhow'd ſoft Anger mixt with friendly Love,
Twin Siſters ſtill were Ignorance and Pride;
Can we know Right, 'till Error we remove?
But, *Colin*, well I wiſt, will never learn:
Who ſlights his Guide ſhall deviate from his Way:
Me to have ask'd what Thou cou'dſt not diſcern
To Thee pertain'd; to Me the Thing to ſay.
What Heav'nly Will from Human Eye conceals,
How can the Bard aread, unleſs the Muſe reveals?

XI.

Nor *Pallas* thou, nor *Britomart* haſt ſeen;
When ſoon at Morn the flying Deer was chac't:
Nor *Jove's* great Wife, nor *Spenſer's* Fairy Queen
At Noontyde dealt the Honors of the Feaſt:
Nor *Venus*, nor *Belphebe* did'ſt Thou ſpy,
The Evening's Glory, and the Grove's Delight.
Henceforth, if ask'd, inſtructed right, reply,
That all the Day to knowing Mortals Sight
Bright *Ca'ndiſh-Holles-Harley* ſtood confeſt,
As various Hour advis'd, in various Habit dreſt.

To the Right Honourable the

Counteſs Dowager of *DEVONSHIRE*

ON A

Piece of WISSEN's;

Wherein were all her GRANDSONS Pa inted

WISSEN and *Nature* held a long Conteſt,
If *She* Created, or *He* Painted beſt;
With pleaſing Thought the wond'rous Combat grew;
She, ſtill form'd *Fairer*, *He*, ſtill *Liker* drew.
In theſe *Sev'n* Brethren, They contended laſt,
With Art increas'd Their utmoſt Skill they try'd,
And *Both* well pleas'd, they had *Themſelves* (ſurpaſs'd,
The *Goddeſs* Triumph'd, and the *Painter* Dy'd.
That *Both*, their Skill to this vaſt Height did raiſe
Be *Ours* the Wonder, and be *Yours* the Praiſe:
For here, as in ſome Glaſs, is well deſcry'd
Only *your ſelf* thus *often* multiply'd. When

When *Heav'n* had *You* and Gracious *Anna* ‡ made,
What more exalted Beauty cou'd it add?
Having no nobler Images in Store,
It but kept up to theſe, nor cou'd do more
Than Copy well, what it well fram'd before.
If in dear *Burleigh*'s gen'rous Face we ſee
Obliging Truth, and handſome Honeſty;
With all that World of Charms, which ſoon will move
Rev'rence in Men, and in the Fair-Ones Love;
His ev'ry Grace, his fair Deſcent aſſures,
He has his Mother's Beauty, *She* has Yours.
If ever *Cecill*'s Face had ev'ry Charm,
That Thought can Fancy, or that Heav'n can Form;
Their Beauties All become your Beauty's Due,
They are all Fair, becauſe they're all like You.
If ev'ry *Candiſh* great and charming Look,
From You that Air, from You the Charms they took.
In Their each Limb, your Image is expreſt,
But on Their Brow firm Courage ſtands confeſt;

‡ Eldeſt Daughter of the COUNTESS.

There, their great Father by a strong Increase,
Adds Strength to Beauty, & compleats the Piece,
Thus still your Beauty, in your Sons, we view,
Wissen Sev'n-Times One great Perfection drew,
Whoever sat, the Picture still is You.

So when the Parent Sun with genial Beams,
Has Animated many goodly Gems;
He sees himself improv'd, while ev'ry Stone,
With a resembling Light, reflects a Sun.

So when great *Rhea* many Births had giv'n,
Such as might govern Earth, and People Heav'n;
Her Glory grew diffus'd, and fuller known,
She saw the *Deity* in every *Son*:
And to what God soe'er Men Altars rais'd,
Hon'ring the Off spring, they the Mother prais'd.
In short-liv'd Charms let others place their Joys
Which Sickness blasts, and certain Age destroys:
Your stronger Beauty, Time can ne'er deface,
'Tis still renew'd, and stamp'd in all your Race.

Ah!

Ah! *Wissen*, had thy *Art* been so refin'd,
As with Their Beauty, to have drawn Their Mind
Thro' circling Years thy Labours wou'd survive,
And living Rules to fairest Virtue give,
To Men, unborn, and Ages yet to live;
'Twou'd still be Wonderful, and still be New,
Against what Time, or Spite, or Fate cou'd do,
'Till *Thine* confus'd with *Nature*'s Pieces lie,
And *Cavendish*'s Name, and *Cecill*'s Honour Die.

The Female PHAETON.

I.

THUS *Kitty* * Beautiful and Young,
And wild as Colt untam'd;
Beſpoke the FAIR from whence ſhe ſprung,
With little Rage inflam'd.

II.

Inflam'd with Rage at ſad Reſtraint,
Which wiſe *Mamma* ordain'd;
And ſorely vext to play the Saint,
Whilſt Wit and Beauty reign'd.

Shall

* Lady *Catherine Hyde*, afterwards Lady *Eſſex*. She Died in *France*, 1723.

III.

Shall I thumb Holy Books, confin'd
With *Abigails* forſaken?
Kitty's for other Things deſign'd,
Or I am much miſtaken.

IV.

Muſt Lady *Finney* † friſk about,
And Viſit with her Couzens?
At Balls muſt *She* make all the Rout,
And bring home Hearts by Dozens?

V.

What has ſhe *Better*, pray, than I?
What *hidden Charms* to boaſt,
That all Mankind for her ſhou'd Die,
Whilſt I am ſcarce a Toaſt?

Deareſt

† Now Ducheſs of *Queensberry*.

VI.

Dearest *Mamma*, for once let me
Unchain'd, my Fortune try;
I'll have my *Earl*, as well as She,
Or know the Reason why.

VII.

I'll soon with *Finney*'s Pride quit score,
Make all her Lovers fall;
They'll grieve I was not loos'd before,
She, I was loos'd at all.

VIII.

Fondness prevail'd, *Mamma* gave way;
Kitty, at Heart's Desire,
Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,
And *set the World on Fire*.

The Judgment of VENUS.

I.

WHen *Kneller*'s Works of various Grace,
Were to fair VENUS ſhown,
The Goddeſs ſpy'd in ev'ry Face
Some Features of Her own.

II.

Juſt ſo, (and pointing with her Hand) *
So ſhone, ſays ſhe my Eyes,
When from *Two Goddeſſes* I gain'd
An *Apple* for a *Prize*.

III.

When in the Glaſs, and River too,
My Face I lately view'd,
Such was I, if the Glaſs be true,
If true the Chryſtal Floud.

IV. In

* *To Lady* RANELAUGH.

IV.

In Colours of This glorious kind *
Apelles painted me;
My Hair thus flowing with the Wind,
Sprung from my *Native Sea.*

V.

Like this diſorder'd, wild, forlorn, †
Big with Ten Thouſand Fears,
Thee, my *Adonis*, did I mourn,
Ev'n Beautiful in Tears.

VI.

But viewing *Myra* plac'd apart,
I fear, ſays ſhe, I fear,
Apelles, that Sir *Godfrey*'s Art
Has far ſurpaſs'd Thine here.

Or

---

* *Lady* SALISBURY.

† *Lady* JANE DOUGLAS, *Siſter to the Duke of* DOUGLAS.

VII.

Or I, a Goddeſs of the Skies,
By *Myra* am undone,
And muſt reſign to *her* the *Prize*,
The *Apple*, which I won:

VIII.

But ſoon as ſhe had *Myra* ſeen
Majeſtically Fair,
The ſparkling Eye, the Look ſerene,
The gay and eaſy Air.

IX.

With fiery Emulation fill'd,
The wond'ring Goddeſs cry'd,
Apelles muſt to *Kneller* yield,
Or *Venus* muſt to *HYDE*.

TO HIS
MISTRESS.

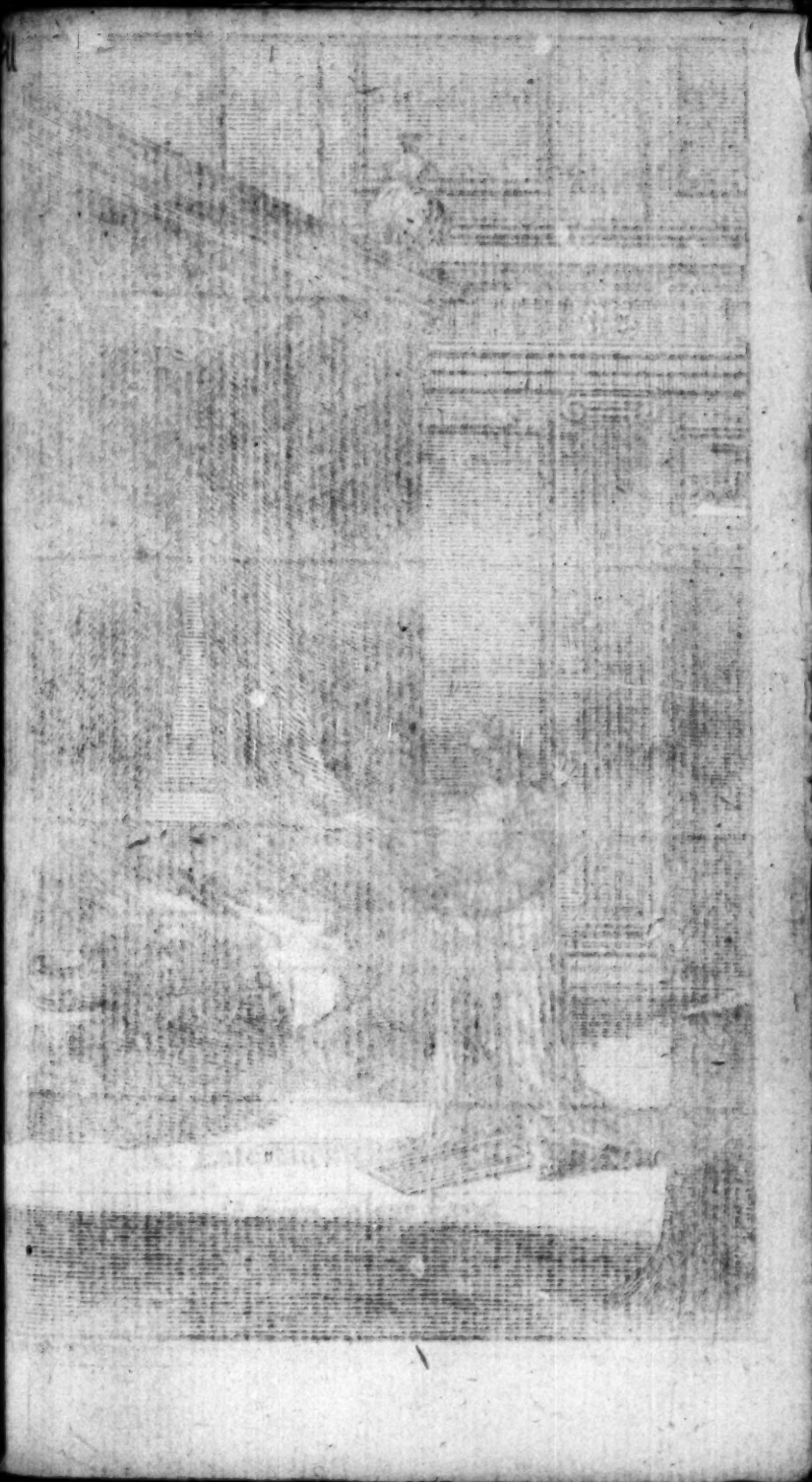
I.

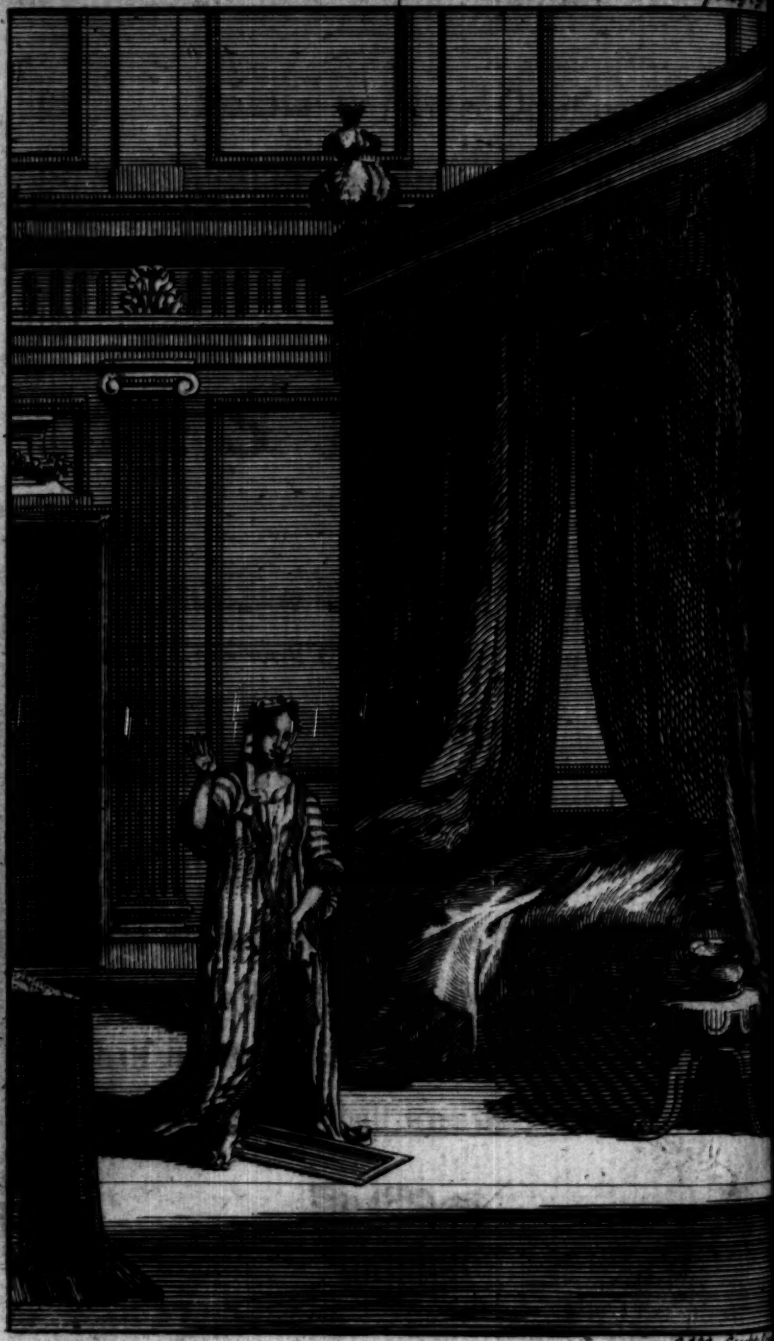
WHilſt I am ſcorch'd with Hot Deſire,
In vain Cold Friendſhip you return;
Your Drops of Pity on my Fire,
Alas! but make it fiercer burn.

II.

Ah! wou'd you have the Flame ſuppreſt
That kills the Heart it heats too faſt,
Take half my Paſſion to your Breaſt,
The reſt in mine ſhall ever laſt.

THE





THE Curious MAID: A TALE.

An Imitation of Mr. PRIOR.

By HILDEBRAND JACOB, *Esq*;

Obstupuit; Steteruntque Comæ.

BEAUTY's a gaudy sign, no more,
To tempt the Gazer to the Door;
Within, the Entertainment lies,
Far off remov'd from vulgar Eyes.

Thus

Thus CLOE beautiful, and gay,
As on her Bed the *Wanton* lay,
Hardly awake from Dreaming o'er
Her Conqueſts of the Day before.

And what's this *hidden Charm*? (ſhe cry'd)
And ſpurn'd th'embracing Cloaths aſide
From Limbs of ſuch a Shape, and Hue,
As TITIAN's Pencil never drew,
Reſolv'd the *Dark-Abode* to trace
Of Female Honour, or Diſgrace,
Where Virtue finds her Taſk too hard,
And often ſlumbers on the Guard.

Th' Attempt She makes, and buckles to
With all her Might; but 'twou'd not do:
Still, as She bent, the *Part*-requir'd,
As conſcious of its Shame, retir'd

What's to be done? We're all a-ground!
Some other Method muſt be found------
Water NARCISSUS' Face cou'd ſhow,
And why not CLOE's Charms below?

Big

Big with this Project, She applies
The JORDAN to her Virgin Thighs;
But the dull *Lake* her Wiſh denies.

What Luck is here? We're foil'd again?
The DEVIL's *in the Dice*, that's plain!
No *Chymiſt* e'er was ſo perplex'd;
No jilted *Coxcomb* half ſo vex'd;
No *Bard*, whoſe gentler Muſe excels
At *Tunbridge*, *Bath*, or *Epſom-Wells*,
Ordain'd, by PHOEBUS' ſpecial Grace,
To ſing the Beauties of the Place,
E'er pump'd, and chaf'd to that Degree,
To tagg his fav'rite Simile.

Thus Folks are often at a Stand,
When Remedies are near at Hand!
For lo! the *Glaſs*——ay, that indeed!
'Tis ten to one we now ſucceed!
To this Relief She flies amain,
And ſtraddles o'er the ſhining Plain,

The

The ſhining Plain reflects at large
All DAMON's Wiſh and CLOE's Charge.
The *Curious* MAID in deep Surprize,
On the *Grim-Feature* fix'd her Eyes:
Far leſs amaz'd ÆNEAS ſtood,
When by *Avernus*' ſacred Floud,
He ſaw *Hell*'s-*Portal fring'd with Wood.*
And is this ALL, is this (She cry'd)
Man's great Deſire, and Woman's Pride;
The Spring whence flow the Lover's Pain,
The Ocean where 'tis loſt again,
By *Fate* for ever doom'd to prove
The *Nurſery* and *Grave* of *Love*?
O *Thou* of dire and horrid Mien
And always better *felt* than *ſeen!*
Fit Rapture for the Gloomy *Night*,
O, never more approach the *Light!*
Like other MYST'RIES, Men Adore,
Be *hid* to be *rever'd the more!*

THE

THE BUBBLE A TALE.

By Dean SWIFT.

Apparent rari nantes in Gurgite vasto,
Arma Virum, Tabulæq; & Troia Gaza per undas.
Virg

YE wise Philosophers explain
What Magick makes our Money rise,
When dropt into the *Southern* Main;
Or do these Juglers cheat our Eyes;

Put in your Money fairly told;
Preſto begone——'Tis here agen:
Ladies, and Gentlemen, behold,
Here's ev'ry Piece as big as Ten.

Thus in a Baſin drop a Shilling,
Then fill the Veſſel to the Brim;
You ſhall obſerve, as you are filling,
The Pond'rous Metal ſeems to ſwim:

It riſes both in Bulk and Height,
Behold it mounting to the Top;
The liquid Medium cheats your Sight,
Behold it ſwelling like a Sop.

In Stock Three Hundred Thouſand Pounds;
I have in view a Lord's Eſtate:
My Mannors all contiguous round;
A Coach and Six, and ſerv'd in Plate!

Thus

Thus the deluded Bankrupt raves,
Puts all upon a deſp'rate Bett;
Then plunges in the *Southern* Waves,
Dipt over Head and Ears——in Debt.

So, by a Calenture miſled,
The Mariner with Rapture ſees,
On the ſmooth Ocean's Azure Bed,
Enamel'd Fields, and verdant Trees,

With eager Haſte he longs to rove
In that fantaſtick Scene, and thinks
It muſt be ſome inchanted Grove;
And in he leaps, and down he ſinks,

Two hundred Chariots juſt beſpoke,
Are ſunk in theſe devouring Waves,
The Horſes drown'd, the Harneſs broke,
And here the Owners find their Graves.

Put in your Money fairly told;
Preſto begone——'Tis here agen:
Ladies, and Gentlemen, behold,
Here's ev'ry Piece as big as Ten.

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The Horſes drown'd, the Harneſs broke,
And here the Owners find their Graves.

Like *Pharaoh* by *Directors* led,
They with their *Spoils* went ſafe before,
His Chariot tumbling out, the Dead
Lay ſhatter'd on the *Red-Sea* Shore.

Rais'd up on Hope's aſpiring Plumes,
The young Advent'rer o'er the Deep
An Eagle's Flight and State aſſumes,
And ſcorns the middle Way to keep:

On *Paper* Wings he takes his Flight,
With *Wax* the *Father* bound them faſt?
The *Wax* is melted by the Height,
And down the tow'ring Boy is caſt.

A Moraliſt might here explain
The Raſhneſs of the *Cretan* Youth,
Deſcribe his Fall into the Main,
And from a Fable form a Truth.

His

His *Wings* are his *Paternal Rent*,
He melts his *Wax* in ev'ry Flame;
His Credit sunk, his Money spent,
In Southern-*Seas he leaves his Name.*

Inform us, You, that best can tell,
Why in yon' dang'rous Gulph profound,
Where Hundreds and where Thousands fell,
Fools chiefly float, the *Wise* are drown'd.

So have I seen from *Severn*'s Brink
A Flock of *Geese* jump down together:
Swim where the Bird of *Jove* wou'd sink,
And swimming, never wet a Feather.

But I affirm, 'tis false in Fact,
Directors better know their Tools;
We see the Nation's Credit crackt,
Each Knave hath made a Thousand Fools.

One Fool may from another win,
And then get off with Money ſtor'd;
But if a *Sharper* once comes in,
He throws at all, and ſweeps the Board.

As Fiſhes on each other prey,
The Great Ones ſwall'wing up the Small;
So fares it in the *Southern* Sea:
But Whale *Directors* eat up All.

When *Stock* is high, they come between,
Making by ſecond-hand their Offers;
Then cunningly retire unſeen,
With each a Million in his Coffers.

So when upon a Moon-ſhine Night,
An Aſs with drinking at a Stream;
A Cloud aroſe, and ſtopt the Light,
By intercepting ev'ry Beam:

The

The Day of Judgment will be ſoon,
Cries out a Sage among the Croud;
An Aſs hath ſwallow'd up the Moon:
The Moon lay ſafe behind the Cloud.

Each poor *Subſcriber* to the Sea,
Sinks down at once, and there he lies;
Directors fall as well as they,
Their Fall is but a Trick to riſe.

So Fiſhes riſing from the Main,
Can ſoar with moiſten'd Wings on high;
The Moiſture dry'd, they ſink again,
And dip their Fins again to fly.

Undone at Play, the Female-Troops
Come here their Loſſes to retrieve;
Ride o'er the Waves in ſpacious Hoops,
Like *Lapland* Witches in a Sieve.

Thus *Venus* to the Sea deſcends,
As Poets feign; but where's the Moral?
It ſhews the Queen of Love intends
To ſearch the Deep for Pearl and Coral.

The Sea is richer than the Land,
I heard it from my Grannam's Mouth;
Which now I clearly underſtand,
For by the Sea ſhe meant the *South*.

Thus by *Directions* we are told,
Pray, Gentlemen, believe your Eyes;
Our Ocean's cover'd o'er with Gold,
Look round about how thick it lies:

We, Gentlemen, are your Aſſiſters,
We'll come and hold you by the Chin;
Alas! all is not Gold that gliſters:
Ten Thouſand ſunk by leaping in.

O!

O! would theſe Patriots be ſo kind,
Here in the Deep to *waſh their Hands*;
Then, like *Pactolus* we ſhould find,
The Sea indeed had *Golden Sands*.

A *Shilling* in the Bath you fling,
The Silver takes a noble Hue,
By Magick Virtue in the Spring,
And ſeems a *Guinea* to your View:

But as a *Guinea* will not paſs
At Market for a *Farthing* more;
Shewn thro' a Multiplying-Glaſs,
Than what it always did before:

So caſt it in the *Southern* Seas;
And view it through a *Jobber*'s Bill;
Put on what Spectacles you pleaſe,
Your *Guinea*'s but a *Guinea* ſtill.

One Night a Fool into a Brook,
Thus from a Hillock looking down;
The *Golden*-Stars for *Guineas* took,
And *Silver-Cynthia* for a *Crown*:

The Point he cou'd no longer doubt,
He ran, and leapt into the Flood;
There ſprawl'd awhile, at laſt got out,
All cover'd o'er with Slime and Mud.

Upon the Water caſt thy Bread,
And after many Days thou'lt find it;
But Gold upon this Ocean ſpread,
Shall ſink, and leave no Mark behind it.

There is a Gulph where Thouſands fell,
Here all the bold Advent'rers came;
A narrow Sound, though deep as Hell,
Change-Alley is the dreadful Name:

Nine times a Day it ebbs and flows,
Yet he that on the Surface lies,
Without a Pilot ſeldom knows
The Time it falls, or when 'twill riſe.

Subſcribers here by Thouſands float,
And joſtle one another down;
Each padling in his leaky Boat,
And here they fiſh for *Gold*, and drown.

* *Now bury'd in the Depth below,*
Now mounted up to Heaven again;
They reel and ſtagger to and fro,
At their Wits-end like Drunken Men.

Mean time ſecure on † *Garr'way* Cliffs,
A Savage Race by Shipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founder'd Skiffs,
And ſtrip the Bodies of the Dead.

* Pſalm 107. † *Coffee-Houſe in* Change-Alley

But theſe you ſay, are factious Lyes,
From ſome malicious Tory's Brain;
For, where *Directors* get a Prize,
The *Swiſs* and *Dutch* whole Millions drain.

Thus when by Rooks a Lord is ply'd,
Some Cully often wins a Bett,
By vent'ring on the cheating Side,
Tho' not into the Secret let.

While ſome build Caſtles in the Air,
Directors build 'em in the Seas;
Subſcribers plainly ſee 'em there,
For Fools will ſee as Wiſe-Men pleaſe.

Thus oft by Mariners are ſhown,
Unleſs the Men of *Kent* are Lyars,
Earl *Godwin*'s Caſtles overflown,
And Caſtle-Roofs, and Steeple-Spires.

Mark

Mark where the sly *Directors* creep;
Nor to the Shore approach too nigh;
The Monsters nestle in the Deep,
To seize you in your passing by:

Then like the Dogs of *Nile*, be wise.
Who taught, by Instinct, how to shun
The Crocodile, that lurking lies,
Run as they drink, and drink and run.

Antæus cou'd, by Magick Charms,
Recover Strength whene'er he fell;
Alcides held him in his Arms,
And sent him *up in Air* to Hell.

Directors thrown into the Sea,
Recover Strength and Vigour there;
But may be tam'd another way,
Suspended for a while in Air.

Directors! for 'tis you I warn,
By long Experience we have found
What Planet rul'd when you were born;
We ſee you never can be drown'd:

Beware, nor over-bulky grow,
Nor come within your Cully's Reach;
For if the Sea ſhou'd ſink ſo low,
To leave you dry upon the Beach;

You'll owe your Ruin to your Bulk;
Your Foes already waiting ſtand,
To tear you like a founder'd Hulk,
While you lie helpleſs on the Sand.

Thus when a Whale hath loſt the Tide,
The Coaſters croud to ſeize the Spoil;
The Monſter into Parts divide,
And ſtrip the Bone, and melt the Oil.

O! may ſome *Weſtern* Tempeſt ſweep
Theſe *Locuſts*, whom our Fruits have fed,
That Plague, *Directors*, to the Deep,
Driven from the *South-Sea* to the *Red.*

May He, whom Nature's Laws obey,
Who *lifts* the Poor, aud *ſinks* the Proud,
Quiet the Raging of the Sea,
And *ſtill the Madneſs of the Croud.*

But never ſhall our Iſle have Reſt,
Till thoſe devouring *Swine* run down,
(The Devils leaving the Poſſeſt)
And *headlong in the Waters drown.*

The Nation then too late will find,
Computing all their Coſt and Trouble,
Directors Promiſes but Wind,
South-Sea at beſt a mighty *Bubble.*

Strada's

STRADA's NIGHTINGALE,

Imitated

By Mr. PATTISON.

AS PHOEBUS darted forth a milder Ray:
And length'ning Shades confeſs'd the ſhortning (Day;
To *Tyber*'s Banks repair'd an am'rous Swain,
The Love and Envy of the Neighb'ring Plain,
To cool his Heat, he ſought the breezy Grove,
To cool his Heat, but more the Heat of Love;
To ſooth his Cares on a ſoft *Lute* he play'd,
But the ſoft *Lute* refreſh'd the lovely *Maid*:
Conſpiring *Elms* their Umbrage ſhed around,
Wav'd with applauſe, and liſten'd to the Sound.

Sweet *Philomel* the Choriſter of Love,
The muſical Enchantreſs of the Grove,
With Wonder heard the Shepherd as he play'd,
And ſtole attentive to the tuneful Shade;

Perch'd

Perch'd o'er his Head the *Sylvan* Siren ſate,
With Envy burning, and with Pride elate.
Ambitouſly ſhe lent a liſtning Ear,
Charm'd with the very Sounds, ſhe Dy'd to hear.

Each Note, each flowing Accent of the Song
She ſooth'd, and ſweeten'd with her ſofter Tongue;

Gently refin'd each imitated Strain,
And paid Him with his Harmony again.

The Shepherd wonder'd at the juſt Replies,
At firſt miſtaken for the vocal Breeze;
But when he found his little Rival near,
Imbibing Muſic both at Eye and Ear;
With a ſublimer Touch he ſwept the *Lute*,
A Summons to the muſical Diſpute;
The Summons ſhe receiv'd, reſolv'd to try,
And daring warbled out a bold Reply.

Now ſweeteſt Thoughts the gentle Swain inſpire
And with a Dying Softneſs Tune the Lyre,
Echo, the vernal Muſic of the Woods,
Warble, the Murmurs of the falling Floods;

Thus

Thus ſweet he Sings but ſweetly ſings in vain,
For *Philomela* breathes a ſofter Strain;
With eaſier Art She modulates each Note,
More nat'ral Muſic melting in her Throat.

Much he admir'd the Magic of her Tongue,
But more to find his *Lute* and *Art* outdone?
And now to loftier Airs he tunes the Strings,
And now to loftier Airs his Echo Sings,
Tho' loud as Thunder, tho' as ſwift as Thought,
She reach'd the ſwelling, caught the flying Note;
In trembling Treble, now in ſolemn Baſe,
She ſhow'd how Nature cou'd his Art ſurpaſs.

Amaz'd, at length with Rage the Shepherd burn'd
His Admiration into Anger turn'd;
Inflam'd, with emulating Pride he ſtood,
And thus defy'd the Charmer of the Wood,

And wilt Thou ſtill my Muſic imitate?
Then ſee Thy Folly, and Thy Taſk is great:
For know, more pow'rful Lays remain unſung,
Lays far Superiour to that mimic Tongue,

If not, this *Lute* this vanquiſh'd *Lute*, I ſwear,
Shall never more delight the raviſh'd Ear;
But broke in ſcatter'd Fragments, ſtrew the Plain,
And mourn the Glories which it cou'd not gain.

He ſaid, and as he ſaid, his Soul on Fire,
With a diſdainful Air he ſtruck the Lyre;
Quick to the Touch the Tides of Muſic flow,
Swell into Strength, or melt away in Woe:
Now raiſe the ſhriller Trumpet's clanging Jar,
And imitated Thunders rouze the War;
Now ſoft'ning Sounds, and Sadly pleaſing Strains
Breathe out the Lover's Joys, and Lover's Pains.

He Sung; and ceas'd her Rival Notes to hear,
As his dy'd liſt'ning in the ambient Air.

But now, too late! her noble Folly found,
Sad *Philomela* ſtood ſubdu'd by Sound;
Tho' vanquiſh'd, yet with gen'rous Ardour fill'd,
Ignobly ſtill ſhe ſcorn'd to quit the Field:
But ſlowly faint her penſive Accents flow,
Weaken with Grief, and overcharg'd with Woe:

Again ſhe Tunes her Voice, again ſhe Sings,
Strains ev'ry Nerve, and quivers on her Wings,
In vain! her ſinking Spirits fade away,
And in a tuneful Agony decay;
Dying ſhe fell, and as the Strains expire,
Breath'd out her Soul in Anguiſh on the Lyre:
Diſſolv'd in Tranſports, ſhe reſign'd her Breath,
And gain'd a living Conqueſt by her Death.

THE COURT of VENUS.

From *CLAUDIAN.*

By the SAME.

WHere the fair *Paphian* Goddeſs keeps her Court,
Where the Loves wanton, and the Graces Sport;
A tow'ring Mountain lifts its lofty brow,
And leans with pleaſure on the Plains below;

O'er

O'er diſtant, blue, retiring Hills ſurveys
Its ſhaddow floating in *Jonian* Seas;
The Top impervious all Acceſs denies,
Tires the faint Foot, and dims the dizzy Eyes:
No fierce inclement *Winter* ſhivers here,
No blaſting Seaſons nip the bloomy Year,
No ſmoaking Miſts, nor foggy Damps ariſe,
Hang o'er the Hills, or ſail along the Skies;
But an untainted *Æther* ſmiles ſerene,
And ſheds its Infl'ence on the ſhining Scene;
Eternal ſweets the waſting Breezes bring,
And whiſper out an everlaſting Spring,

The pleaſurable Mountains by Degrees,
Sink in a Level, to ſalute your Eyes:
Where Joy, ſucceding Joy, for ever New,
For ever riſing to the raviſh'd View.
The wond'ring ſight with ſweet Amuſement leads
Thro' golden Groves, and ever-living Meads.

Theſe were the Gifts, his Gratitude to prove,
VULCAN beſtow'd upon the *Queen* of *Love*;
For theſe, the *Queen* of *Love* reſign'd her Charms,
And over-ſold the Heaven in her Arms.

Here a ſoft Grove its cooling Shade affords,
Fann'd by the Muſic of the vocal Birds;
To this the *Sylvan* Choriſters reſort,
Hop on the Boughs, or to the Breezes ſport:
The *Queen* of *Love* amid the tuneful Throng,
With graceful ſmiles rewards each fav'rite Song;
Elect the worthy Tenant of the Grove,
And dedicates Him to the *God* of *Love*.

Embow'ring Trees the mingled Shade compoſe;
That imitates the Fair, for whom it grows;
With complicating *Poplars*, *Poplars* twine,
With ſpreading *Aldars*, ſpreading *Aldars* join:
Majeſtic *Elms* with bending Foliage flow,
Float in green Waves, and fan the Shades below,
The Shades below the cooling Gale receive,
And riſing with the cooling Gale revive.

Two diff'rent Rivers murmur thro the Grove,
Two fatal Contrarieties in *Love*!
This ſweet, as mutual Joys in youthful Veins,
That bitter, as a dying Lover's Pains;

Conſcious

Conſcious, the Streams each other ſeem to ſhun,
But in *Meanders* loſt, too ſoon are One:
Dipt in theſe fabled Waves, *Love*'s fatal Dart
Stings the diſtracted Soul to ſooth the Heart:
To theſe his Shafts their double Power owe,
Soft pleaſing Joys, and ſad conſuming woe,

Rang'd on the Banks, the little Loves reſort,
Plight fancy'd Oaths, and bend their Bows in ſport;
Thoſe tender Nymphs produc'd a blooming Race,
And left their Virgin Image on their Face;
The ruddy Cheeks their Parents Charms proclaim
Alike their Habit, and their Look the ſame.
O'er all theſe Troops preſides the *God* of *Love*,
A *God* whom all the *Gods* revere Above;
Sprung from the *Mother*, and the *Queen* of *Charms*
He ſhines diſtinguiſh'd in ſuperior Arms
His potent Pow'r ev'n *Deities* controuls,
And awes the Thunderer that awes the Poles;
On Earth he triumphs o'er a Monarch's Cares,
And blaſts the Laurel which the Light'ning ſpares
In Woods and Groves th' inferiour Archers reign,
Contented with the Conqueſts of the Plain.

Cloſe

Cloſe in the Streams, in fatal Pomp array'd,
Love's wild romantic Equipage is laid;
Here lawleſs Liberty for ever roves,
For ever Riots in exceſs of Loves;
Inflam'd with Wine, diſtracted Rage appears,
But ſoon diſſolves in ſelf-accuſing Tears;
Here, warming Whiſpers propagate Replies,
Sweet melting Murmurs ſoft conſenting Sighs;
With all the Eloquence that Hearts confeſs,
With all the Harmony that Eyes expreſs:
There young Deſires, their taſted Joys perſue,
Pleas'd with the paſt, and panting for the new;
While ſtrange Chimeras on a ſudden riſe,
Shift the falſe Scene and intercept their Eyes;
Tormenting Jealouſies, uneaſy Cares,
Diſſembling Hopes, imaginary Fears;
Accuſing Crimes of ill-requited Love,
And breaking Vows re-echo thro' the Grove:
Full in the midſt, with nice-becoming Grace,
Stood Youth, too conſcious of his comely Face
Proud of his nervous Strength, and vig'rous Veins,
With Pain his Blood the luſcious Tide contains;

With

With haughty ſmiles he mocks declining Age,
His ſtarv'd Enjoyments, and diſſembled Rage:
The wither'd Wretch avoids him with remorſe,
And ſickens at the thought of what he was.
Proud o'er the Groves, a glitt'ring Dome aſcends,
Rich with the Labours of *Vulcanian* Hands;
Thro' the green Ranks the darting Luſtre gleams,
And the Shades kindle with reflecting Flames;
This Maſter-piece of Skill the *Lemnian* God
On his fair Spouſe a worthy Gift beſtow'd:
Immortal Monuments of Art ſupport
The vaſt Foundations of each ample Court;
On Di'mond-Pillars, Di'mond-Pillars riſe,
At once invade, and emulate the Skies;
Pelucid Cryſtal clarifies each Stone,
And by excluding, makes a double Sun;
In Oval-ſteps the riſing Topaz roll'd,
Gleams by Reflexion on the valving Gold;
Each Stone conſpires its emulating Rays,
Glitter the Beryls, and the Rubies blaze:

Carv'd Saphirs meet in undulating Flame,
And drink the lucid Amber's fainter Stream.

Here ſpacious Greens, refreſhing Areas riſe,
And with a milder Scene refreſh the Eyes;
Thro' *Caſſia* Groves ambroſial Breezes breathe,
And ſteal the aromatic ſweets beneath;
There, ſoft inferiour Shades of *Myrtles* grow,
And *Lillies* bluſhing as the *Roſes* glow;
Diſſolv'd with Joy the trickling *Balm* runs o'er,
And the ſweet Tears diſtil at ev'ry Pore.

But now his Journey paſs'd, the *God* of *Love*,
With eager Joy approach'd his native Grove;
And now he reaſſumes a ſolemn Pace,
He moves with Majeſty, and looks with Grace.

It happen'd then with future Joys elate,
His Goddeſs-Mother at her Toilet ſate;
On either ſide th' *Idalian* Siſters ſtand,
Proud of the ſmiling Goddeſs's Command;
Theſe ſcatter Odours o'er the fragrant Fair,
Thoſe thread the mazy Tendrils of her Hair.

Some

Some exercise the fine correcting Comb,
Smooth the soft curls, and call the straglers home:
The comely Fav'rites by a nice Design,
They leave to sport, and wanton in the Wind;
The comely Fav'rites with adorning Grace,
Wave on the Breeze, and flow upon her Face,
With cooling Airs create an easy Pride,
And but increase the Charms they strive to hide;
No Glasses here, deluding Lights supply,
The brilliant Di'mond guides the judging Eye:
For as the Goddess moves, new Mirours rise,
And catch augmenting Splendors from her Eyes;
As to the multiplying Stones she turns,
On all she dances, and on all she burns.

But lo! a sudden Scene of Glory fires
Her rising Soul, and breathes more gay desires;
Her Son's reflected Image she surveys,
With trembling Joy she turns to prove the Rays;
But turning conscious of her only Son,
Into the bloomy Boy's Embraces run;
Receives him panting at unfolding Charms,
And hugs the little Darling in her Arms.

The STORY of ORPHEUS and EURYDICE,

From VIRGIL's, GEORGIC's Book, IV.

By the SAME.

INcens'd, the raging Prophet * thus replies,
Gnashes his Teeth, and rolls his azure Eyes.
No common Vengeance does your Crimes pursue
Your Crimes which well deserve their fatal due:
But humbly supplicate immortal Hate,
And wisely shun the threat'ning Rage of Fate:
O! think on ORPHEUS, and his injur'd Spouse,
And mark the cruel Author of their Woes:
When lawless Lust inflam'd the boiling Blood,
To chace the flying *Fair* along the Flood,
Think how the *Snake*, in verdant ambush laid,
Unwarily surpriz'd the panting Maid.

Shrieking

* *Proteus.*

Shrieking ſhe fell, reſign'd her fainting Breath,
And ſought the kinder Arms of icy Death;
The Nymphs, the Swains, the dying Virgin mourn'd,
The River *Deities* the Grief return'd;
The *Winds* with ſympathizing Sorrow ſigh'd,
And the ſad *Streams* their trickling Tears ſupply'd.

The wretched Husband hopeleſs of Relief,
In tuneful Anguiſh ſought to ſooth his Grief;
But riſing Sorrows all his Thoughts controul,
Flow in his Eyes, and melt his ſoft'ning Soul;
In plaintive Strains he mourns his Conſort gone,
Sighs to the riſing, and the ſetting Sun;
Till wildly loſt in Solitude and Woe,
Raving he ſought the dreary Shades below;
Adventrous by Deſpair, and dar'd to tread
The melancholy Manſions of the Dead:
With Songs to ſupplicate th' infernal Pow'r,
And ſooth the *God* who ne'er was ſooth'd before.

Lur'd by the Magic of the ſacred Sound,
Swift gliding Crouds of Spectres hover round;

Thick, as when Fowls obscure the Ev'ning Air.
And to their Groves in feather'd Clouds repair.
Men, Matrons, Maids, a visionary Throng,
Surround the Poet, and imbibe his Song;
With all those Multitudes of empty Ghosts,
Where *Stygian* Streams surround the squalid Coasts,
Heedless, their sad unhappy Fate to moan,
They make another's Misery their own.

Ev'n Hell it-self, with all its Fiends was charm'd,
Its Terrors soften'd, and its Rage disarm'd,
The grinning Guardian held his triple Tongue,
And fawning kiss'd the Poet as he Sung;
The very Furies heard away their Pains,
And found their own too weak for Music's Chains:
IXION his eternal Toils forewent,
And list'ning on his rolling Labour leant.

But now the tuneful Bard, his Bride restor'd,
Back on the Realms of Day the Path explor'd;
He led the Way, and slowly follow'd She,
Subsequent to PROSERPINA's Decree;

For

For if before the gloomy Shades were paſt,
He turn'd to Look, the Look muſt be his laſt;
A Fault which Hell might paſs in ſilence by,
Cou'd Hell behold it with a Lover's Eye.
And now near travers'd o'er the Realms of Night,
They roſe emergent on the Beams of Light;
When the poor Youth unfortunately kind,
Caſt a too fond conductive Glance behind;
But as he turn'd three Peals of Thunder ſpoke,
The dire conditionary Promiſe broke;
While thus the ſadly-ſweet, reproving Maid,
Beſpoke the Youth by too much Love betray'd.

Unhappy ORPHEUS! ah, unhappy Boy!
What made thee thus to blaſt our bloomy Joy?
Alas! for ever loſt, I leave thee now!
This parting Kiſs to ſooth eternal Woe.——
Farewel——dim Shades of Horror round me riſe,
And ſudden Night o'erwhelms my ſwimming Eyes.

She ſaid, and, as ſhe ſaid, in Shades withdrew,
From his deluded Arms the Viſion flew;

With

With ſtrict Embrace in vain he ſtops her ſtay,
Diſſolv'd to Air, unfelt ſhe glides away;
In vain he ſeeks her with inceſſant Eyes,
In vain invokes her with imploring Cries;
What cou'd he do? all Efforts are too late,
Again her Soul is ſummon'd down by Fate;
Th' infernal Ferry-man relents no more,
And ev'n his Muſic now forgets its Pow'r.

(Swain,

Sev'n Months, by Fame's Report, the loneſome
Devoted to his Melancholy Pain;
Where *Scythian* Hills are bleak with plumy Snow,
And ſhiver in the frigid Flood below;
In Soul-reſtoring-Strains he ſought Relief,
Diſtracted with Indulgency of Grief;
In Strains that the *Cærulean* Mountains charm'd,
And their eternal Froſts with Pity warm'd:
The liſt'ning Savages his Pow'r confeſs'd,
Their Rage he ſooth'd, but cou'd not ſooth hi

(Breaſt.

As the lamenting *Nightingale* complains
Of cruel Spoilers, and deſtructive Swains;
When ſad ſhe ſees her Younglins borne away,
Her downy Darlings, an inhuman Prey!

Sunk

Sunk in ſome Gloom ſhe darkling pines alone,
Sighs out her Grief, and murmurs out her moan.

Thus ORPHEUS ſought to calm his troubled Breaſt,
A Stranger to the Quietude of Reſt;
Now wildly tortur'd by deſpair he goes,
O'er drifted Mountains of eternal Snows,
Delighted to the barren Rocks to tell
The rigorous Benevolence of Hell;
Averſe to VENUS, and the Nuptial Joys,
In unavailing Grief his Life deſtroys;
Till frantic BACCHANALS that vainly ſtrove
To warm his Boſom with a ſecond Love,
With Rage, Revenge, and Brutal-Fury arm'd,
(More Savage than thoſe Savages he charm'd)
Conſpir'd againſt his Life, the Bard they ſlew,
And on cold *Heber*'s Streams his Head they threw.
Yet ev'n in Death his Voice bewails his Woe,
And with the Streams his tuneful Sorrows flow;
EURYDICE his dying Tongue deplores,
EURYDICE reſounds along the length'ning Shores.

FINIS.

FINIS